Do not fail to sign our Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No 520 | SATURDAY MAY 20, 1916 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 401621

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to herself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for **SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS**

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK & KHAKI Styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

6½d. each.

Sold Everywhere.

Ask For EXCELDA Soft Collars—Fronts—and Shirts.

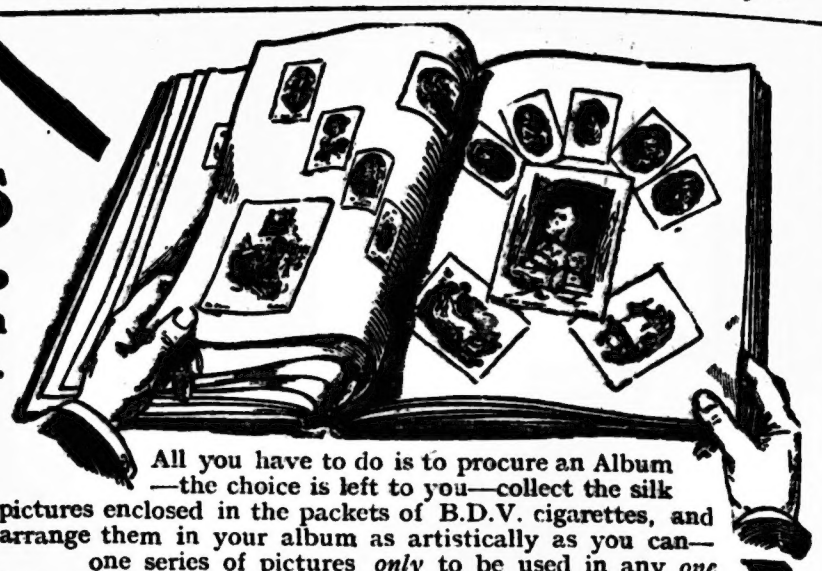
BE SURE you get EXCELDA See name on each handkerchief.

STEELE'S AD. SERV.

OUR SPECIAL BIRTHDAY NUMBER, JUNE 10th.

SAVE YOUR CIGARETTE PICTURES

Start TO-DAY, for there is no reason why YOU should not win one of the BIG CASH PRIZES.



£50 CASH PRIZES

are being offered each month by Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., in their new competition, open to all smokers of B.D.V. Silk Picture Cigarettes.

All you have to do is to procure an Album —the choice is left to you—collect the silk pictures enclosed in the packets of B.D.V. cigarettes, and arrange them in your album as artistically as you can—one series of pictures *only* to be used in any *one* album. The prizes are awarded for the most artistically arranged series. Could anything be more simple? Whether you go in for the competition or not, you should smoke B.D.V. Silk Picture Cigarettes—they're undoubtedly the best cigarette obtainable.

THE B.D.V. SILK PICTURE CIGARETTE MONTHLY ALBUM COMPETITION

is one of the easiest ever devised, and there are big prizes to be won for collections of series of Silk Pictures displayed in albums.

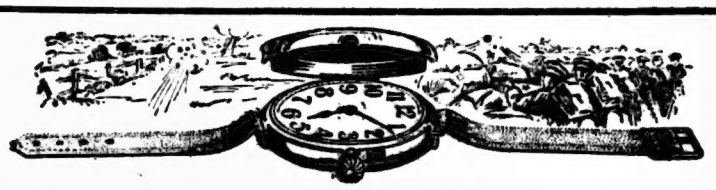
B·D·V

SILK PICTURE CIGARETTES

10 for 4d. 20 for 7½d.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., 112, Commercial Street, London, E.

Over £4,000 Cash Prizes have already been awarded in the B.D.V. Monthly Needlework Competition.



Armour-plate your Wrist Watch.

Fit this handy contrivance in a trice to *any* wrist watch; just clasp it under and over—so!—and you've got an armour-plate on your watch that defies breakage. And with the Army Protector your watch is no longer a target for snipers.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Absolutely protects the watch and case and assures safety to the wearer.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement —closes automatically when released —unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

SEND ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

The Army Wrist Watch Protector (as illustrated) can be obtained to fit *any* wrist watch.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - 2/6
Rolled Gold - - from 3/6

Solid Silver from 6/6. **Solid Gold** from £3 3s.

Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

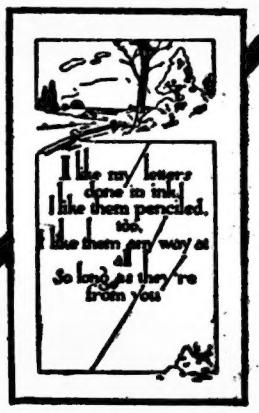
If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to:

Sales Manager: **Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.**

Saddle-ease is oftentimes the one thing needed to make your pleasure perfect— You can ensure it if you choose a

BROOKS

J.B.BROOKS & Co LTD 92, Criterion Works, Birmingham.



Ask your Stationer to show you a full selection of these useful and artistic cards. Remember to always keep a few ready to hand.

"No Need to Rack your Brain with Thought, If DAVIS "Message" Cards you've Bought."

DAVIS "MESSAGE" POSTCARDS do your thinking for you. There's a message for every occasion, whether grave or gay. One of the 500 different messages, comprising the series, will never fail to express your thoughts.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards save you endless time, and the trouble of writing many a letter.

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QUALITY CARDS
8 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.

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Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 520. Week ending Saturday, May 20th, 1916. One Penny

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"I Accuse."

Will the writers of the many letters we have received in reference to our recent article under the above heading bear with us a little while? As we have already stated, we are not over sanguine about the Government pulling itself together, and it is not without some hesitation that we have yielded to representations from certain quarters, which cannot very well be ignored, to give them one more chance.

Society News.

"Mr. Asquith drove through the ruined portions of the city. . . . In the evening Mr. Asquith and the military authorities were entertained at dinner at the Viceregal Lodge." That's all.

Those Unclaimed Balances.

We have reason to believe that Mr. McKenna has at last buckled on his armour and decided to have a talk with the Bankers about those unclaimed balances and securities in their possession. We should dearly like to hear the conversation.

Gold Reserves.

Why, in the name of commonsense, are our Allies hoarding up hundreds of millions of gold against their paper currency? Let this vast accumulation be used in America and elsewhere in the purchase of munitions and goods for the common cause.

False Economy.

Don't economise on the purchase of articles coming from the Allies. That is false economy. The more we buy from them, the less will they need to borrow from us.

A Bright Idea.

Speaking in 1886, John Bright said: "If England were at war the Irish rebels would invite the foe to invade Ireland to save that country from Britain and establish an Irish Republic." If only he had been as correct in *all* his predictions!

Sell "Americans."

Every holder of American securities will be wise to sell out.

Our Birthday.

In our issue for the week ending June 10th we shall be celebrating our tenth birthday, and, as already announced, shall give some account not only of JOHN BULL'S work since its establishment, but also a few interesting details respecting our own early journalistic adventures and experiences. Lord Northcliffe mustn't have it *all* to himself.

Women's War Work.

Don't forget the meeting at the Queen's Hall on Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Women's Reserve Ambulance, and at which we are to have the honour of presiding.

An Anagram.

One of our readers sends the following anagram upon the name of "Horatio Bottomley"—"Thy Boom! Toil! Orate!" Almost as wonderful as "666"!

The Foreign Office.

Is it the fact that when Sir Edward Grey is away most of his work devolves upon Sir Eyre Crow—husband of a German lady, son of a German mother, and nephew of a German Admiral? If so—however loyal and competent he may be—*it is not right.*

Snowden Must Go.

How much longer will the House of Commons tolerate the presence of this unsavoury creature? When, the other day, he was asked whether he still persisted that the new Military Service Bill was expressly designed to injure the working classes—and not to win the war—he had the audacity to say, "Yes." What are the Blackburn electors made of—to put up with such a member?

Mixed Metaphors.

We admire Mr. Hughes' sentiments, but we don't like some of his metaphors. Thus: "If Germany wins, if the fangs of Prussian militarism are to be fastened in the throats of the civilised world, then the door of hope is slammed in the faces of the people." Talk about shutting the door when the horse has gone!

When the Boys Come Home.

Lord Rosebery is right when he declares that "Our millions of men will return from the war with a new spirit and a new view of the world." They will, indeed, have become "from men, supermen," and must "inevitably control the future of this country." That is what we have for months been telling the politicians.

General Townshend.

Our article last week has naturally caused a great sensation in both Military and Political circles, and in view of a large number of inquiries which have reached us, we think it only right to state that at no time have we, or any member of our staff, been in communication, directly or indirectly, with either the General or his family. Our information was obtained through an entirely private and independent channel, and we can quite believe that it came as a surprise to the General's relatives and friends. We are happy, however, to have received assurances on every hand that we have been the means of vindicating, in the eyes of the world, the reputation of one of the most gallant and efficient officers in his Majesty's Army.

"Take Time by the Forelock." Sign Insurance Coupon on page iii. of cover.

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At the Hotel Cecil conference of the Association of Trade Protection Societies "the question in debate was the appointment of a Ministry of Commerce," and Mr. Catler urged that "if they were going to have such a Ministry they should have an optimist at the head of it." We ask no questions and make no remarks.

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Objects as Scavengers.

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The White House presents its compliments to the Wilhelmstrasse, and assures the Wilhelmstrasse it is delighted to accept Germhuny's declarations of a new submarine policy, but desires to intimate that it strictly reserves the right to send the Wilhelmstrasse another Note if the submarine policy does not develop according to the promise, and has ordered its ink-and-paper merchant to hold himself in readiness for all eventualities. Watch America!

More Lawyers.

As the Government are inquiring into the adequacy and efficiency or otherwise of British aerial defence, they naturally appoint to the Committee—apart from Mr. Justice Bailhache as Chairman—four lawyers, including the Secretary. Of the three other members, one invented turbines, another is an expert in cable laying, and another "a military officer of high rank." None of them, apparently, has been up in an aeroplane or a balloon, but there are rumours that, with practice, one or two of them could fly a kite.

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Men on mine-sweepers are at last to be paid for the mines they account for, and the heart of a R.N.R. man was gladdened at the news. But the pay worked out as follows: His boat received £50 10s. for mines destroyed up to December last, when he was not of the crew. He served from that date till the middle of March, when 37s. 6d. was paid to the vessel, though he says it is admitted that they destroyed more mines in the second period. His share of that wonderful mine money is 2s. 3d. But he has not got it yet!

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Soldiers in Salonica.

Mr. Atkins finds friends everywhere. One of the latest tributes to him came from Mr. Epameinondas Zikos, who wrote a letter to the *Balkan News*, published at Salonica, and offered to pay for its insertion—for such, it appears, is a newspaper custom in Greece. This is what Mr. Zikos said: "I beg you to insert of your honourable newspaper, that I am very greatfull and wonderfull of all British in Macedonia troops, that they are and become very faithfull and polightes to all people and inhabitants of the villages to all parts." It is good that a Greek should hold such an opinion and be prepared to pay for it, and we appreciate this recognition of Tommy's faithfull-ness and polightes-ness.

The "Brave" Slackers.

The Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, Vicar of St. Peter's, Broadstairs, comes out strong as an admirer of the Con. Objects—the Willies who won't. He also affects to admire the men who will, and says, "I hope and believe that had I been a layman and of military age I should myself have been among them." Yet we seem to remember that, when the regiment of which he was Chaplain went to the front, he remained behind—for fear the mothers' meetings might miss him, perhaps. Anyway, he declares this of the Objects: "They are braver men than I am, and that is enough for me." If they really are braver than he, it is enough for us also.

Bloaterville.

Yarmouth, despite its exciting experiences, still smiles. A reader sends a graphic description of the scene at four in the morning of the "bombardment," when all the town turned out on the Parade—to see the fun. There were a few scared faces, but everybody else just looked grimly determined to "be British," come what might. Our friend, whose fish business he says is ruined, yet speaks up for the town. "The biggest damage Germany can do," he says, "is to frighten away visitors," and he hopes this may not happen. So do we. We say that the pluck of Yarmouth people deserves our admiration, and visitors must not be shy of showing it. Bloaterville is more worthy of a visit than ever it was.

Problems of the Poor.

The bare facts of a case at Bridlington present a distressing problem, difficult indeed to solve. A bricklayer, with a diseased knee for two years, is totally unable to work. He has six children at home; one earns 4s. a week. His income is 5s. from the Disablement Fund, and 8s. from the Prince of Wales' Fund. He has paid rent for ten years and now owes £7; he said "the landlord had got all he had." Of course the landlord wants his house, and asked for an ejectment order; if the man will go, the landlord will not press the debt. But—where is the man to go? His wife has been "all over the town" without success. A month's time was granted, and the poor fellow promised to do his best. It is hard, surely, in these days to keep a wife and six children on 13s. a week, but there is pluck in that house of poverty, and light may yet come out of the dark.

How the Money Goes.

According to the Rev. J. D. Douch, the Bermondsey Guardians have some 2,200 inmates in the care of about 500 officers and servants—an average of one officer to four inmates. If anybody wants to know why the Poor Law is such a good thing for its officials and such a bad thing for its ratepayers, there is the answer.

An Episcopal Echo.

The abortive and tragic Sinn Fein rising reminds us of what Dr. O'Dwyer, R.C. Bishop of Limerick, said when a crowd of young, able-bodied Irishmen were fleeing the country in fear of conscription. "Any fair-minded man will admit that this is England's war, not Ireland's," he said. "Why should Irishmen be compelled to lay down their lives for a cause which is not worth three rows of pins to them?" That's all.

Buns or Beer?

Rather too long after the fair, a Ledbury reader calls our attention to a meeting of the local Board of Guardians, whereat the Rev. A. H. Knapp, Rector of Aylton and Pixley, protested against the sacrilegious character of the modern hot cross-bun. He said that if the Guardians could persuade the people who made hot cross-buns not to give them to the inmates of the workhouse on Good Friday he would give the inmates a 18-gallon cask of beer for Easter Monday. The Rector's offer seems worth consideration. Whether there is more religion in beer than in buns is not for us to say, but probably many of the inmates will agree that beer has it

Down Among the Coals.

Perhaps the new Compulsion will relieve the farcical situation that rules in certain colliery districts. We hear of a Colliery Court where the Tribunal is controlled by a Director of Collieries, the Miners' Agent, and the Inspector of Mines. From a mine employing 1,000 men they direct a supply of 8 or 10 for the Army. It is certain that many miners had never been below the earth before war commenced, while a gentleman in a position to judge computes that 10 per cent. of pitmen could be taken, without detriment to output, if the remaining men made full time.

The Man who Pushed.

The Magistrates at Halesowen have settled a point of much interest to cyclists. A munition worker was before them, brought there under the provisions of the majestic Defence of the Realm Act, for the terrible offence of "failing to have front or rear light" on his wicked machine. It is true the man was not riding his jigger, only pushing it, and the Chairman asked what a culprit ought to do in such circumstances; should he eat his bike, or give it to a policeman? The Superintendent said the only way out was for a man to carry his bicycle on his back, and the Bench, accepting this view, released the sinner on payment of costs. Cyclists short of oil now know what their duty is

A Good Samaritan.

The next time Henry Mainwaring, of Burslem, sees an accident, he is going to do as the Levite did, and pass by on the other side. He was driving his motor-lorry the other day when he saw another lorry upturned and lying across the road, while the driver lay unconscious. Mainwaring buckled to like a man. He looked after the injured man, righted the lorry, put it into safety, did all that was possible, and left his own assistant to complete affairs. All this took him so long that he found himself obliged to travel without lights. He explained to the police, tried to buy lamps, etc.—but he got his summons all the same. The Court told him he had acted very properly, but that did not prevent their making him pay 40s. 6d., and he has lost his situation by way of more thanks.

The paper you may give your Wife and Daughter to read, "Everywoman's."

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Mr. Atkins finds friends everywhere. One of the latest tributes to him came from Mr. Epameinondas Zikos, who wrote a letter to the *Balkan News*, published at Salonica, and offered to pay for its insertion—for such, it appears, is a newspaper custom in Greece. This is what Mr. Zikos said: "I beg you to insert of your honourable newspaper, that I am very greatfull and wonderfull of all British in Macedonia troops, that they are and become very faithfull and polightes to all people and inhabitants of the villages to all parts." It is good that a Greek should hold such an opinion and be prepared to pay for it, and we appreciate this recognition of Tommy's faithfull-ness and polightes-ness.

The "Brave" Slackers.

The Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, Vicar of St. Peter's, Broadstairs, comes out strong as an admirer of the Con. Objects—the Willies who won't. He also affects to admire the men who will, and says, "I hope and believe that had I been a layman and of military age I should myself have been among them." Yet we seem to remember that, when the regiment of which he was Chaplain went to the front, he remained behind—for fear the mothers' meetings might miss him, perhaps. Anyway, he declares this of the Objects: "They are braver men than I am, and that is enough for me." If they really are braver than he, it is enough for us also.

Bloaterville.

Yarmouth, despite its exciting experiences, still smiles. A reader sends a graphic description of the scene at four in the morning of the "bombardment," when all the town turned out on the Parade—to see the fun. There were a few scared faces, but everybody else just looked grimly determined to "be British," come what might. Our friend, whose fish business he says is ruined, yet speaks up for the town. "The biggest damage Germany can do," he says, "is to frighten away visitors," and he hopes this may not happen. So do we. We say that the pluck of Yarmouth people deserves our admiration, and visitors must not be shy of showing it. Bloaterville is more worthy of a visit than ever it was.

Problems of the Poor.

The bare facts of a case at Bridlington present a distressing problem, difficult indeed to solve. A bricklayer, with a diseased knee for two years, is totally unable to work. He has six children at home; one earns 4s. a week. His income is 5s. from the Disablement Fund, and 8s. from the Prince of Wales' Fund. He has paid rent for ten years and now owes £7; he said "the landlord had got all he had." Of course the landlord wants his house, and asked for an ejectment order; if the man will go, the landlord will not press the debt. But—where is the man to go? His wife has been "all over the town" without success. A month's time was granted, and the poor fellow promised to do his best. It is hard, surely, in these days to keep a wife and six children on 13s. a week, but there is pluck in that house of poverty, and light may yet come out of the dark.

How the Money Goes.

According to the Rev. J. D. Douch, the Bermondsey Guardians have some 2,200 inmates in the care of about 500 officers and servants—an average of one officer to four inmates. If anybody wants to know why the Poor Law is such a good thing for its officials and such a bad thing for its ratepayers, there is the answer.

An Episcopal Echo.

The abortive and tragic Sinn Fein rising reminds us of what Dr. O'Dwyer, R.C. Bishop of Limerick, said when a crowd of young, able-bodied Irishmen were fleeing the country in fear of conscription. "Any fair-minded man will admit that this is England's war, not Ireland's," he said. "Why should Irishmen be compelled to lay down their lives for a cause which is not worth three rows of pins to them?" That's all.

Buns or Beer?

Rather too long after the fair, a Ledbury reader calls our attention to a meeting of the local Board of Guardians, whereat the Rev. A. H. Knapp, Rector of Aylton and Pixley, protested against the sacrilegious character of the modern hot cross-bun. He said that if the Guardians could persuade the people who made hot cross-buns not to give them to the inmates of the workhouse on Good Friday he would give the inmates a 18-gallon cask of beer for Easter Monday. The Rector's offer seems worth consideration. Whether there is more religion in beer than in buns is not for us to say, but probably many of the inmates will agree that beer has it

Down Among the Coals.

Perhaps the new Compulsion will relieve the farcical situation that rules in certain colliery districts. We hear of a Colliery Court where the Tribunal is controlled by a Director of Collieries, the Miners' Agent, and the Inspector of Mines. From a mine employing 1,000 men they direct a supply of 8 or 10 for the Army. It is certain that many miners had never been below the earth before war commenced, while a gentleman in a position to judge computes that 10 per cent. of pitmen could be taken, without detriment to output, if the remaining men made full time.

The Man who Pushed.

The Magistrates at Halesowen have settled a point of much interest to cyclists. A munition worker was before them, brought there under the provisions of the majestic Defence of the Realm Act, for the terrible offence of "failing to have front or rear light" on his wicked machine. It is true the man was not riding his jigger, only pushing it, and the Chairman asked what a culprit ought to do in such circumstances; should he eat his bike, or give it to a policeman? The Superintendent said the only way out was for a man to carry his bicycle on his back, and the Bench, accepting this view, released the sinner on payment of costs. Cyclists short of oil now know what their duty is

A Good Samaritan.

The next time Henry Mainwaring, of Burslem, sees an accident, he is going to do as the Levite did, and pass by on the other side. He was driving his motor-lorry the other day when he saw another lorry upturned and lying across the road, while the driver lay unconscious. Mainwaring buckled to like a man. He looked after the injured man, righted the lorry, put it into safety, did all that was possible, and left his own assistant to complete affairs. All this took him so long that he found himself obliged to travel without lights. He explained to the police, tried to buy lamps, etc.—but he got his summons all the same. The Court told him he had acted very properly, but that did not prevent their making him pay 40s. 6d., and he has lost his situation by way of more thanks.

The paper you may give your Wife and Daughter to read, "Everywoman's."

No Man.

Somewhere in Cardiff there is a beast called Said Noman—an appropriate name—described in the police-court report as "an Arab boarding-house keeper." Noman was summoned to "show cause" in respect of an illegitimate baby, the mother herself being a child of 13, still attending school. The revolting case was described by the Stipendiary as "one of the most horrible and disgraceful" he had ever heard. An Order for the payment of 5s. a week was made, but the matter cannot surely be permitted to rest there. The case is one for criminal proceedings.

A Smoking Centenarian.

It is interesting to note that the teetotalers and non-smokers do not, as they would have us believe, enjoy a monopoly with respect to good health and longevity. Else how would they account for Mr. William Faucett, of Maidstone, who last week reached the mellow age of 101? This gentleman, who was an active politician on behalf of Lord Beaconsfield as far back as 1837, has been a smoker since he was a young man, still enjoys his pipe, and does not disdain to make glad his ancient heart with a glass of port or a drop of whisky and water. Since this aged gentleman is one of such genial habit, we would wish him yet a further 100 years of comfortable life.

A Righteous Resolve.

The efforts of the European Association, a society comprising most of the European residents in India, have so far failed to procure the dismissal of the Viceroy's German bandmaster, but great credit is due to the Association for the plucky stand it has taken in this matter, and upon other questions of patriotic concern. In particular, we applaud the resolution that "the trade of India"—and we might add of the British Empire in general—"should be in the hands of Britishers and Indians, and no Hun, be he German, Austrian or Turk, should be allowed to set up an establishment there." Such a motion needs only to be put to our readers to be carried with prompt acclamation.

The Slimy Mormon.

Our male readers in Stoke Newington and district may like to know—or may not like to know, we offer the information in either event—that the Mormons are rather busy on their doorsteps just now, carefully timing their call at an hour when they expect the man of the house to be from home. The headquarters for the moment are at Deseret, 152, High Road, Tottenham, and it is this Deseret that ladies are affectionately invited to visit. The usual caller is a person plausible of tongue and nice of costume. He asks for the lady of the house, is especially anxious to learn whether there is a man on the premises, leaves his literature, exudes his invitation, and promises to call again. Soon, we hope, he will call when there *is* a man on the premises.

For Good Service.

The Merchant Service has of late received in the press a meed of praise that has been long overdue, and weather-beaten captains are learning how to blush. Praise, however, seems to be the only recognition that reaches them; more solid reward is withheld. There was a case in point connected with a Liverpool shipowner who recently retired from business and who marked the event by a generous allotment of £50,000 for distribution among certain employees. It was a splendid award of merit, but—it was awarded to his clerical staff only. Not one seaman got a penny. Some of his ships' officers had served him thirty years, risking their lives to make his fortune, but they were either forgotten or purposely ignored. Thousands of pounds for clerks on counting-house stools, safe and cosy; nothing at all for the men who fought, year in and year out, the wind and wave!

Botha and the Boches.

All is not well in the British Protectorate which was German South-West Africa. According to the *Natal Mercury*, "there is too much of the German in the affairs of the South-West to warrant us in adhering to the notion that it is a conquered country." It seems that the vanquished Huns are still controlling municipal administration, appropriating rates and taxes, and issuing licences to British traders, while the German flag and German uniforms are still prominently in evidence. What *does* it all mean?

1864 Pennies.

Our recent reply to a correspondent (who we fancy was trying to pull our leg) to the effect that 1864 pennies are worth £7 15s. 4d., has caused a surprising flutter amongst our readers. We have received innumerable letters from all parts of the United Kingdom inquiring where pennies *dated* 1864 can be disposed of for £7 15s. 4d. apiece! We wish we knew. All the satisfaction we can offer is to repeat our statement to the effect that 1864 pennies *are* worth the sum named. One penny dated 1864 would be worth exactly 1-1864th part of that amount. We trust this simple explanation will suffice.

Gun-Fire.

Somewhere in Essex the children at school are awfully fond of a couple of guns, mighty engines of war added recently to the local armament. These guns do a vast amount of damage when they are fired—to the windows of the neighbourhood; and the children are always bundled out of school so as to escape the falling glass. What annoys the teachers is that a bugler comes round to the school, tells the teachers the guns are going to bang, out pop the youngsters to play for the whole morning session, there are no lessons—and then the guns do not go off after all. But it does not annoy the children. They just love it.

Spurgeon's Foresight.

Spurgeon was a great preacher, gifted with forceful eloquence, and it appears now that he possessed the rare quality of prophetic insight. So long ago as March 1st, 1863, preaching in his Tabernacle, he chose his text from John xix., 16, "And they took Jesus, and led Him away," and, during his discourse, had these words to say regarding the Huns as we know them now: "Jesus is formally condemned to crucifixion, but before He is led away He is given over to the Prætorian Guards, that those rough legionaries may insult Him. It is said that a German regiment was at that time stationed in Judea, and I should not wonder if they were the lineal ancestors of those German theologians of modern times who have . . . cast the vile spittle of their philosophy into the face of truth." Spurgeon's words fit the *Kultur* and militarism of Germhuny as we know them.

Soldiers' Graves.

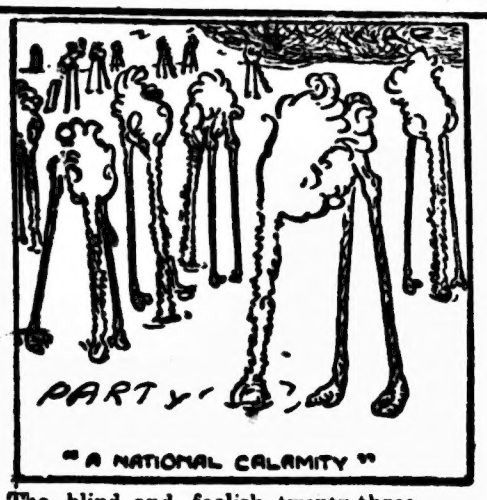
Some time ago we referred to the burial of soldiers in paupers' graves at Birkenhead, and protested against any repetition of the outrage. It is good to know that the War Office took steps to thrash the matter out, and a letter from Brig.-General Leach "regrets the circumstances." The blame rests, he says, with the funeral contractor, the selection of grave sites being in his hands. When the military arrived at the cemetery with the body of their dead comrade, "they were not aware that the graves provided were public." And General Leach concludes: "It has been found necessary to withdraw the contract for the burial of soldiers from the undertaker who arranged for the graves and non-military portion of the funeral arrangements." While this letter cannot undo the indignity, it shows that the Army was not a consenting party, and appears to promise more honourable treatment for the honoured dead.

See this week's winning "Bullet" line. Can you make a better?

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

To those who know the woes
Of Hunnish frightfulness,
And felt their fiendish blows,
The First Lord says, "Take this."



The blind and foolish twenty-three
Like feathered bipeds stand;
They notice nothing they can't see,
Heads buried in the sand.

Judged by the meagre details,
The French bear all the brunt,
While calm, of sorts, prevails
Upon the British front.

The Prince of Wales has been
Witness of wondrous sights,
And best of all, has seen
How well Italia fights.

Who is to pay the bill
Run up by rebel foes?
Are we poor English still
To dub up "through the nose"?

Winston, it seems, prefers
To battle wordy wars;
He John Bull's anger stirs
Where he would win applause.

A FALSE *WAR CRY*.

PHOTO FAKE FOR FOOLISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

In these strenuous days of war, we are not very much concerned with the doings of the Salvation Army in the field of its normal activities. We do, however, strongly resent the system which the Army has so frequently adopted in the past, in playing upon public generosity, by means of false and exaggerated claims respecting its work. For instance, our attention having been drawn to a photograph in the issue of the *War Cry* of February 19th, purporting to represent "A Free Breakfast at Blackfriars," and having reason to believe that such photograph was not genuine, and that it related to a totally different function, in a different building, and had nothing to do with any free meals at all, we wrote the Editor on March 1st, calling his attention to the matter. Receiving no reply, we wrote again on March 8th, stating that, failing hearing in the course of the week, we should assume that the Editor "had no explanation to offer." Again silence. Then on March 27th we sent a registered letter. Still no answer. On April 10th we wrote again, giving one more chance of an explanation—and, sent yet another letter on April 28th, saying that "for the last time I give you an opportunity of answering my inquiry in reference to the alleged bogus photograph published in your journal." As all these communications have failed to secure the slightest attention we now say that the photograph appearing in the *War Cry* dated February 19th of the present year, and entitled "A Free Breakfast at Blackfriars," was a fraud, and that it constituted a deliberate attempt to obtain money from the public by false pretences, and we advise people to be chary in future of being led by *War Cry* pictures into loosening their purse-strings for the benefit of the "Army."

A CENSORIOUS COMMANDANT.

"INDECENCY" AT A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Mr. Fred Cork, a member of the Sheerness Borough Council, and the representative in that town of the Variety Artistes' Federation, has been active in arranging popular entertainments for the inmates of the Sheerness Military Hospital. Artistes engaged at the local Hippodrome have given their services gratuitously, and the "turns" enjoyed by the wounded soldiers have been of precisely the same character as those offered to the public in Sheerness and elsewhere. In these circumstances, Mr. Cork has been a good deal annoyed by the receipt of the following letter from Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Morris, R.A.M.C., the Commandant at the Military Hospital:

> I regret to take serious exception to two items in an otherwise enjoyable entertainment. I object to the vulgar, insulting, imaginary imitation of Anglican clergymen. I hold no brief for these gentlemen, who are well able to take care of themselves if they have a chance. They do their duty as well as everyone else, and shall not be insulted in this Hospital. I also take the strongest exception to the ventriloquial act. I do not know whether the artist imagined he was adapting himself to his audience, but if he did, I can assure him that soldiers dislike disgusting, prurient, indecent performances, and prefer, and are capable of appreciating, clean, wholesome entertainments, for they are clean, wholesome men.

The insult extends to the general public of Sheerness, who had taken no exception to these "turns." It is surely strange that neither the Hippodrome audiences nor the wounded soldiers themselves should have noticed the "disgusting, prurient indecency" which obtruded itself upon the disordered imagination of Lieut.-Colonel Morris. In any case, if no further entertainments should be held at the Sheerness Hospital—Mr. Cork has been told that he "need not trouble" to arrange any more—the patients will know whom to thank.

Your signature is needed to our Insurance Coupon on page iii. of cover.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

THE CANT OF THE COALITION—COME, CARSON, COME!

By the Editor.

Poor, unhappy Ireland! Will it never be free from the blunders of its own sons and the follies of the politicians? It makes my heart ache when I think of all its splendid soldiers have done in this war—of their magnificent fighting in France—their mad gallantry in Gallipoli—and then to read of this spilling of blood in the streets of Dublin—the wanton wickedness of the thing! But not all the murderous doings of those murderous days in Dublin can wipe out the splendours of Ireland's fighting men, or dim the lustre of brave regiments marching under the King's colours to the ultimate defeat of our enemy. Ireland deserves a better fate than once more to be crushed under the weight of her own misdoings. She must rebuild her shattered reputation on the prowess of her braver sons. Let no decent man share the "pride" which John Dillon finds in the recklessness of the rebel, in the bravado of the renegade. But let each of us do his part to heal the wounds to the honour and loyalty of the Green Isle, and let us call upon the Government—by showing firmness and courage, by dealing out even-handed justice—to re-establish within her shores that fair fame which the impetuous courage of her sons has carried to the four corners of the fighting field.

The Price of Weakness.

In Ireland, his Majesty's Government have paid the price of weakness—once more they have reaped the crop which indecision sows. Want of courage, failure to understand, and refusal to listen to the voice of warning—all the demerits which have brought muddle and disaster in other directions—have now raised the head of red rebellion. It is no good minimising the full meaning and extent of the rising of the Sinn Feiners. Mr. Birrell has confessed his fault and admitted his woeful blindness. It is the duty of the country not to be deceived by fair words or to be unnerved by foul deeds. When the Cabinet told the House of Commons and the country that the rising in Dublin was "well in hand," the truth was that the rebels had Dublin "well in hand." To trifle with facts, to pretend all is well when all is ill—these are the methods of Ministers who seem fated to misgovern, who seem doomed to blunders which in ordinary times would bring immediate downfall. From the beginning to the end of this crime of allowing rival forces to drill and arm, and permitting the crimson head of rebellion to raise itself in the land, his Majesty's Ministers have never had the courage to act like men. Many sad homes in Ireland to-day are mourning and desolate because of duty well done and brave men fallen—but all the bereavement the politician suffers is the mean bereavement of office. Really, it makes one despair of any good coming out of Ireland—save, and save always, the greater good of her fighting sons. When I cast my mind back over the history of the last few years; and when I recall the warning the Government had only a fortnight before the outbreak of war, I wonder whether anything will bring wisdom to our rulers. Those ugly days when Ulster was arming were in themselves the product of weakness—the price of indecision. Thank God, Ulsterman and Nationalist forgot their lesser patriotism in the greater patriotism, and to-day men who drilled and armed against each other are in hand-grips of comradeship—mingling their courage and their blood on the fields of Flanders. But the legacy remained; the price of ministerial weakness had to be paid. What a price, what a payment—the stateliest street of the Irish capital levelled by guns which should never have been fired in anger except against the Empire's foe; the lives of innocent men and blameless women sacrificed because a Government could not make up its mind! What a crescendo of crime from an instrument of weakness! First—to placate the Nationalists, to please the friends of the Radical Government and win their votes in the House of Commons—the Act forbidding the importation of arms and the bearing and carrying of arms was repealed some years ago. From that seed of Ministerial folly has grown the tree of rebellion. When the Ulstermen armed there was no law to punish them; when the Ulster men drilled and masqueraded, the Government lacked the courage, which the authority of a country behind them gave, to stop this flirting with anarchy. But if the Ulstermen armed and drilled, why not the Nationalists? And if the rival political Parties, why not the men who said "To Hell with *all* Parties," and drilled against the King's Majesty? Just a week before war broke out the Assistant Commissioner of the Dublin Police, believing he was acting according to law (it had now again been made an offence to import or carry arms), stopped Nationalist volunteers marching through Dublin with rifles and guns. The military were called out, blood was shed—and the Government condemned those who had enforced the law! What do you think Mr. Redmond wrote to the Chief Secretary when by Proclamation the carrying of arms had been forbidden? Here are his words: "The possession of arms by Nationalists would be no provocation for disorder, but a means of preserving the peace by confronting one armed force with another not helpless but being armed, fully able to defend themselves." And that was the view which prevailed. Am I exaggerating when I say that Sir E. Carson, who armed the Ulstermen, and Mr. J. Redmond, who found rifles for the Nationalists, are jointly responsible for all that has happened?

The Cant of the Coalition.

That miserable and bloody business in Dublin on the last Sunday in July, before war with Germany revealed the Government as weak unto water, paralysed the arm of authority in Ireland and made red rebellion certain. Mr. Bonar Law, who knows the faults of the Government as well as any man, evidently did nothing to remedy them when he consented to share responsibility with the Prime Minister. It was, he said,

"because the Government have delegated authority in Ireland and have ceased to govern" that all the trouble over the carrying of arms and the drilling of the men had arisen. "There never has been a case," he added, "to the best of my belief in the history of any country where the Government has deliberately refused to carry out the law and yet continued to hold office." All that the Prime Minister could answer on that occasion was to call Mr. Law "a past-master in the vocabulary of vituperation." Not very convincing; not very helpful to Ireland, where things were allowed to drift until the bloody and bigger feuds in the streets of Dublin have shocked the Empire and have created unrest and bitterness throughout Ireland. The pity of it is that the indictment which Mr. Bonar Law made against his then political opponents stands as good to-day. What Mr. Balfour, too, said then applies with pitiable force against the Government of which he is now a member: "They have shown all the unscrupulousness of men who ignore the source of the power of which they boast. Having taken that power and having insisted on keeping it, they do not use it as powerful Ministers, but they allow under their control the whole system of law and order and government to crumble. There is not a man in the House who does not know that Ireland has now been brought into a condition from which it appears almost impossible for any statesman ever to extricate it." *What do they say to-day?* They are all silent. Yet, if Mr. Asquith and his friends were responsible in July, 1914, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, including Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, are more deeply responsible in May, 1916. Leading members of the Opposition professed to have diagnosed in 1914 the weakness of the Government in its dealing with Ireland. What have they done since they "have taken power and insisted on keeping it" to right what was wrong in Ireland and to avert a rebellion? Oh, the cant of this Coalition!

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

They dismiss the matter as a "feather-headed rebellion." I know too much about it to be bluffed. Here is a copy of the Orders signed by the rebel Connolly, the Commandant-General of the Dublin Division of the Sinn Feiners. It was found on the body of one of the rebel commandants who was shot by the Sherwood Foresters as he was leading a charge on a barricade in Moore Street, near the Post Office. It is dated April 25th, "Army of the Irish Republic, Headquarters (Dublin Command)," and it shows the organisation and extent of this rebel rising and the sinister hand of Germany behind it all:—

TO SOLDIERS,—

This is the fifth day of the establishment of the Irish Republic, and the flag of our country still floats from the most important buildings in Dublin, and is gallantly protected by the officers and Irish soldiers in arms throughout the country. Despite the utmost vigilance of the enemy we have been able to get information telling us how the manhood of Ireland, inspired by our splendid action, are gathering to offer up their lives if necessary in the same holy cause. Let us remind you what we have done. For the first time in 700 years the flag of a free Ireland floats triumphantly in Dublin City. The British Army, whose exploits we are ever having dinned into our ears . . . are afraid to attack or storm any positions held by our forces. The slaughter they suffered in the first few days has totally unnerved them and they dare not again attempt an infantry attack on our positions.

Our Commandants around us are holding their own. Commandant Daly's splendid exploit in capturing Linen Hall barracks we all know. You must know also that the whole population, both clergy and laity, of this district are united in his praise. Commandant MacDonagh is established in an impregnable position reaching from the walls of Dublin Castle to Redmond's Hill, and from Bishop's Street to Stephen's Green. In Stephen's Green, Commandant Mallin holds the College of Surgeons on one side of the Square, a portion of the other side, and dominates the whole Green and all its entrances and exits.

Commandant De Valera stretches in a position from the Gas Works to Westland Row, holding Boland's Bakery, Boland's mill, Dublin South-Eastern Railway works and dominating Merrion Square. Commandant Kent holds the South Dublin Union and Guinness' buildings to Marrow Bone Lane and controls Jamieson Street and district. On two occasions the enemy effected a lodgement and were driven out with great loss.

The men of North County Dublin are in the field, have occupied all the police barracks in the district, destroyed all the telegraph system on the Great Northern Railway up to Dundalk, and are operating against the trains of the Midland and Great Western. Dundalk has sent 200 men to march upon Dublin, and in the other parts of the North our forces are active and growing.

In Galway, Captain M——, fresh after his escape from an Irish prison, is in the field with his men. Wexford and Wicklow are strong and Cork and Kerry are equally acquitting themselves creditably. We have every confidence that our Allies in Germany and kinsmen in America are straining every nerve to hasten matters on our behalf. As you know, I was wounded twice yesterday, and am unable to move about, but have got my bed moved into the firing line, and with the assistance of your officers will be just as useful to you as ever.

Courage, boys, we are winning, and in the hour of victory let us not forget the splendid women who have everywhere stood by us and cheered us on. Never had man or woman a grander cause, and never was a cause more grandly served.

A nice document that, think not you?

THE PREMIER'S MISSION.

Mr. Asquith has visited Ireland to bring order out of the chaos and devastation—the price exacted for weakness and want of courage. I wish him God speed in his effort. It may be his last political chance. Much as I like him personally, it would be futile to shut one's eyes to the fact that public opinion is rapidly rising against him—and I am doubtful of his ability to stay the course till the next General Election. But, personally, I will by neither word nor deed, do aught to make his path more difficult. And I call solemnly upon Carson and Redmond to stand by him; to bury for ever the feuds which the war has only overlaid; to realise where their criminal folly has landed the country they both love, and with contrite hearts and firm resolve help to reconstruct on the blood and ashes of this cruel rebellion a lasting brotherhood of all the men of Erin's fair Isle. Come, Carson—Come, Redmond, too. And God Save Ireland!

POOR LITTLE TRADESMAN!

A WAR WITHIN A WAR.—WHY NOT UTILISE THE COLOURED FORCES OF THE CROWN?

By A. G. Hales.

(Mr. Hales, who has always denied the necessity for Compulsory Military Service, again pleads for the employment of the Empire's coloured forces, and for the preservation of the "little trader." We do not necessarily associate ourselves with all his views.)

There is no mountain so high that the folly of a fool will not reach its topmost peak; no depth so abysmal that stupidity cannot plumb its ultimate depths—for there is no limit to the scope of unadulterated foolishness, as there is no limit to the range of wisdom. In their activities wisdom and folly are twin children—one is creative, the other destructive; one a blessing, the other a curse. Happy are the people who exalt not their witless ones to sit in high places. Can we claim to be such a people? We stand to-day confronted by proposed legislation which is going to dislocate and unhinge the greater part of the small retail trade of this country, which is gigantic, and bring to the verge of beggary and ruin many thousands of deserving people who are now comfortably situated—and for this proposed act of senile incapacity there was no valid cause or excuse. There was not, nor has there ever been, the faintest need for Compulsion. The military authorities refused to entertain such a measure until a few weeks ago, when they permitted themselves to be badgered into it after a perpetual bombardment. Shall we look at the position carefully and dispassionately—not as we each would like it to be, according to our individual political views, *but as it is?*

The Men Who Did Not Believe.

The Premier did not believe compulsion for married men was a necessity; we have seen him driven inch by inch towards it. Many of the Ministers did not believe in it, if we can trust their public utterances, for they swore they would have none of it when they were supporting the single men's Compulsion Bill. The Ministers of the great Australian Commonwealth did not agree with it, and have condemned it. The South African Ministers did not and do not believe in it. Neither do the Canadian Ministers. The British public have been fed systematically with falsehoods concerning Colonial opinion in regard to compulsion. The Colonials believe this is an Empire's war on our part, and they, almost to a man, consider that the black man should be allowed to bear his share in the fighting line, as the black man is willing and eager to do. The British Empire has five million men in khaki, or pledged to khaki. Our Empire has given the Allies the assistance of the grandest and greatest fleet the world has ever seen. The British Empire has given or lent countless millions in hard cash to the cause of the war. The Empire has turned out an unparalleled quantity of arms and munitions for our own use and the use of our Allies. The Empire has already sacrificed over twelve hundred of our mercantile marine to the war, and our Empire can easily keep up the 5,000,000 standard of our Army if full use is made of our coloured races. Why, then, this insane attempt to force compulsion—and so crush out of existence, amongst others, the hundreds of thousands of retail shopkeepers in England, Scotland and Wales? If any are forced by this vicious enactment to go to the colours, unless strong protest is made the small shopkeepers and traders are sure to be amongst the first, and this will spell ruin to 70 per cent. of them, and their hard-won business will flow to the man of the big concern. Some one in England is making a desperate attempt to bring into being in this country a form of the intolerable American "Trust" system, whereby all American business is in the hands of a trade plutocracy, which even to-day has the power not only to over-ride the will of the people, but also to set at nought the power of the courts of law and even of Congress itself. This power is so great in America that sooner or later it will bring about civil war, for nothing less than civil war will check the rapacity and greed of the plutocrats. We don't want civil war here; but by Prussianising our people the schemers in our midst are leading to that, and nothing less than that. Compulsion in regard to military service will give them just the lever they are aiming to get; they will wipe out the small trader, or at best let him subsist merely as agent for big combinations. At the time of writing, this aspect is being "considered"—as usual—by the Government.

Protect Small Traders.

The small shops, run mostly by man and wife and an errand boy, will in a great number of cases go to the wall when the "man" is called to the colours. The woman cannot run it alone, and attend to her family and household: if she employs grown-up help, the profits will not support the strain, and bankruptcy will ensue. Those little concerns represent, in the case of men of forty, half a life-time of hard work and thrift. The owner has gathered round him groups of customers whose requirements he knows. Send the man into the Army and the bottom will fall out of the business, because *he is the business*—his energy and industry are his equivalent for capital; take that away and the shutters must soon go up, the home will go by the board, and then what lies in front of the wife and children? The very poorest of the working classes will suffer when the little shops shut up, for they will have to trade with the big concerns and pay through the nose. When the small shopkeeper returns from the war he will not be able to build up a business again. He will have no capital in the first place, and, secondly, he will be too old to commence all over again, hampered as he will mostly be by a young family: he will become a casual labourer, seeking work in a field he will find overcrowded. Compulsion means a desperately dark outlook for the present and future of the hundreds of thousands of petty traders in the United Kingdom; and the people who have schemed for it so heartlessly, whilst protecting the black millions of our fellow subjects, may yet find that they have sown the whirlwind and will reap the avalanche, for I see many obvious signs that the British people do not intend to allow themselves to become bond slaves of big corporations. They have been ready enough, those schemers, to preach the *doctrine of force* in regard to the limbs and lives of the proletariat (the wage-earners and shopkeepers); the proletariat may learn that lesson so well that they may apply the doctrine of "force" to money and property. The Britons are a slow-moving people, but when they do move they go a long way. They are not going to whip the Germans in order to be Germanised themselves—or I am mistaken. If property owners have any sense, they will instantly range themselves against compulsion, for compulsion will open the doors through which later on anarchy will rush like a storm. Combinations and Trusts shall never rule this Empire. To me it seems infamous that, in the name of universal liberty, a vast body of citizens of the most deserving character in Britain should be pushed over the brink of ruin. We can win the war without that.

TEAR OFF THEIR MASKS!

THE DISGUISED ALIEN—WANTED, A TRADE NAMES ACT.

By CHARLES PALMER. (Late Editor of *The Globe*.)

After nearly two years of war the country is still subject to the danger of thousands of uninterned alien enemies in Britain. Tenderness for the unnaturalised German was one of the scandals of the early months of the war, and although the authorities are now less sentimental, they still hesitate to put in safe keeping every son of hated Germany, who should no longer enjoy the security and comforts of a British habitat. I say unhesitatingly that the nation is clamorous for rigorous dealing with the German danger in our midst. What is more, public sentiment is stronger to-day than ever it was in favour of clearing the Germans out of Britain. The protests against German bakers taking the places of British bakers called to the colours is made in the true spirit of patriotism. Personally I would rather starve than buy my bread of a German who was making money while the British baker had been forced to sacrifice all that is meant by home, and the security of his business, to fight the sons and brothers of men growing fat in our midst.

GROTESQUE INJUSTICE TO OURSELVES.

You have only to state the case to realise the grotesque injustice of the thing; and while in passing I would put in an earnest plea for consideration for the small man with the small business, to whom compulsory service may mean personal ruin, I am certain I am expressing the views of the great mass of the people in denouncing privileges being given to alien enemies. Every unnaturalised German in this country should be interned, without exception or favour, high and low, and those who can work for the country should be made to work. But there is another aspect of the enemy in our midst with which neither the present nor the past Government have had the courage to deal—the danger from the naturalised German. The revelation of the Home Secretary the other day, made obviously with the intention of securing credit for unmasking a nest of traitorous naturalised Germans, in my opinion is a grave reflection on the Government. Ministers have had abundant evidence from the very outbreak of war that "once a German, always a German." They know the proud boast of the naturalised traitors in our midst, "German at heart," and they have taken no adequate steps to meet and combat that danger. They have allowed Germans who had used the country for their own ends, and have sneaked into our trade and commerce in order to steal the one and undermine the other, to hide their identity under English names. That list of name-changers since the outbreak of war is a disgraceful and a scandalous list. Germans at heart, men who care nothing for this country but for the wealth they can filch from it, are now hiding their identity and the German origin of their firms under names of long and honourable British record.

NOT TOO LATE TO REMEDY THE EVIL.

This form of deceit, which is now being practised for all it is worth, and will be used with even greater effect when the war ends and the enemy renews his attempts to cripple our industries, should be stopped at once. It is not too late to remedy the evil. The Government can pass legislation with wonderful speed when it suits its purpose. Let it introduce a short Bill compelling every trading firm, every naturalised German who has stolen a good English name for his own purpose, to use the old name with the new name for the next ten years, so that the public may not be deceived. If Britishers—true Britishers—choose to do business with persons of German origin, that is their affair. At least we have a right to know with whom we are doing business. We have had the Trade Marks Act. Let us have the Trade Names Act, and compel every man to disclose his real name alongside his assumed one. Don't forget. When the history of the years and the months leading up to this war comes to be written, it will be found that German firms, in banking, in finance, and in business, prepared the way for "The Day." While German officers "toasted" and German troops trained, they came over here and, either under the cloak of naturalisation or openly and unashamed as Germans, sought to undermine our commercial power and to weaken our financial strength. Don't forget what Prime Minister Hughes has said—that the greatest danger is the naturalised German.

PRECAUTION—A NATIONAL DUTY.

How are we to avert that danger—without injustice if possible, but at all costs, to avert it? This is no question of vindictiveness; it is a national duty to take precautions. Let this be remembered, and although Ministers have tried to water down its meaning, its effect is obvious: A German can become naturalised here and yet retain his German nationality. Listen to Mr. Bonar Law—one of the true things he said before he joined the Coalition, and one of the many sentiments he has made no effort to put into action since he became a Cabinet Minister: "Every man of German birth should be regarded with suspicion, beginning with the idea that if they get the chance they will help their own country and damage ours, and that therefore *it is our business to prevent them getting the chance if we possibly can.*"

IMPRISONMENT FOR TRAITORS.

What steps has his Majesty's Government taken to "prevent them getting the chance"? Surely the burden of proving his loyalty to his oath to the King, and convincing the authorities that he is heart and soul with us against the King's enemies, rests upon the alien. Yet the attitude of the Government is to believe every naturalised German to be a good Britisher until he is found out. Even when we catch naturalised Germans assembled in seditious meeting we don't bring them to trial. Those men whom the Home Secretary boasted the other day had been discovered "in the heart of London" were guilty of using language of the "most treasonable and anti-British character." Yet he "doubted whether any charge could have been formulated under the ordinary law," and so they have been merely interned. Well, I am no lawyer, but if these treasonable people enjoyed the privileges and the immunities of British subjects they should pay the obvious penalty for their "most treasonable" language.

COMB OUT THE ENEMY.

France has annulled the naturalisation of all Germans who retain their German nationality on adopting French nationality. We must do the same. But that is not enough. Let the Government set up a Commission to overhaul the naturalisation papers of every person who to-day is of enemy origin; let that Commission through county tribunals examine the antecedents and the history of the naturalised while in this country, his behaviour, the character of his business; his attitude towards this country *before* the war—that is of vital importance. And then let a law be passed removing every person of enemy origin from the official life of the country, and declaring that no German shall be naturalised for ten years after the war.

THE WOUNDED HERO.

BY LIEUT. GREATREX NEWMAN.

Hearken to my tale of woe:

One dark and dismal morning, while scanning an old illustrated paper in the sheltered seclusion of an enlarged rat-hole, my eye chanced to glance upon a picture showing the classic features owned by one "Lieut. Horace Bloggs-Bloggs, B.F.—a wounded hero." In addition to various characteristic portraits of the super-man himself—("Aged 10 months"—"His first long trousers"—"When reading for the Bar")—were two columns of biographical details telling how Horace, when a scholar at the local Grammar School (picture of building, also Head Master with daughters, page 9) heard his teacher ask "Who broke my cane?" The spirit of Washington was in the lad as he promptly answered, "Sir, I cannot tell a lie; it was Willie Smith." . . . At the age of 12 his musical genius earned for him a certificate (page 10), the youthful marvel being able to play the "Blue Bells of Scotland" entirely from memory.

On turning over the page I found a few more gems of the camera, depicting other members of the Bloggs-Bloggs clan:

"His sister (marked with cross) with his favourite bull-dog."

"His uncle, who is justly proud of his armlet."

"His second-cousin feeding the gold-fish."

Even the advertisements shrieked with Bloggs-Bloggsian glory: "I should most certainly have been killed," he told our special representative, "if the bullet hadn't become embedded in a tube of your *Nuggett-Blossom* dentifrice, which I always carry sewn inside my vest."

He writes: "I found your insect powder most grateful and comforting. It also made most nourishing soups."

A little later on came a column account of a banquet given in his honour by the local Mayor, with photograph showing the multitude gathered in the streets below, frantically cheering the Wounded Hero, who stood on the hotel balcony, blushingly bowing his thanks for the welcome, together with the purse of gold and illuminated address.

* * *

At last *my* turn came; *I* was *wounded!*

All the way down to the Base I built wonderful castles in the air regarding *my* home-coming, and thought out half-a-dozen unconventional attitudes to be "snapped" in. On the hospital ship I jotted down a few of the most racy episodes of my career, with the aid of a copying pencil and a public school education. When we arrived at Dover—though just a wee bit disappointed that none of the press photographers had managed to find out, in advance, the port I was landing at—I was, nevertheless, in most excellent spirits, and immediately wired home, "Fatted calf for one."

* * *

Gentle reader, I ask you, have you seen any photographs of me in the illustrated dailies? Should you recognise as such, my mother, if her portrait were published headed, "Every picture tells the story"? Should you raise your hat to our charwoman if you passed her in Piccadilly? Or are you familiar with every detail of my purple past, knowing that I contracted mumps after residing on this earth for two years and five months? Are you aware that I once recited "Little Jim" at a Band of Hope concert? How many banquets have you attended in my honour? How many presentation marble clocks have you subscribed to? Or do you know that Whoopikoffs' Cough Condiment saved me from pneumonia, bronchitis and asthma when in the trenches?

No. No. No. You don't!

In fact until you saw my exalted rank at the head of this page, you probably didn't know that I'd even enlisted.

Think how cruelly I have been wronged. And why? Because the Wounded Hero is a thing of the past. He's been overdone. There's a glut on the market, and I happen to have arrived while the end of season sale was on.

Had I had the luck to have come home wounded a few months ago, sweet young things would have wept on my neck, and dear old ladies would have pressed gold coins into my palm. But now, alas, flappers pass by with uplifted nose, and matrons merely cast a pitying glance at me, and sadly murmur, "Look what drink's done!"

THE PACIFIST PLOT.

ENGLISH TRAITORS AND THE IRISH LESSON.

An "Appeal to Members of the House of Lords on behalf of all those young men who have been appointed to Combatant or Non-Combatant Service against their religious and moral convictions, and particularly of the writer's sons, P. E. H. Stott and P. N. Stott" has been courteously forwarded for our perusal by a gentleman subscribing himself "One of the Peers to whom the missive was sent." The author of this appeal to the nobility of the United Kingdom is the Rev. Percy Stott, M.A., B.D., Vicar of St. Peter's, Halliwell, Bolton, and we are given to understand that nothing less than the conscription of his sturdy if unheroic offspring would have induced Mr. Stott to forsake the cloisters of divinity for this singularly unhappy excursion into the arena of political affairs. The reverend gentleman's appeal, which runs into several folios, is a curious document, compact of inconsistencies and irrelevancies, and touching incidentally upon matters as remote from the issue as "slavery, state-regulated vice, drunkenness, murder and theft"—from which it may be gathered that conscription is but one of a number of bees in the writer's bonnet. Indeed, the one subject upon which he appears to have no fixed convictions is the moral aspect of the war, and the supreme necessity of victory for the Allies, if the edifice of civilised liberty is to be preserved from the menace of destruction. We are not surprised to find the writer prating of the protection of the weak while ignoring the fate of Belgium, or discoursing of the sacred rights of minorities while turning a deaf ear to the cries of ravished Serbia and martyred Poland. If we give Mr. Stott credit for complete honesty of conviction, we are yet bound to conclude that he sets greater store by the vagaries of his own "conscience" than the general consensus of enlightened opinion, lay and spiritual, throughout the civilised world. Such a man is beyond the pale of controversy. As the Irishman said of his troublesome neighbour, we can only "lave him to God."

Such vapourings may be more lightly passed over than the organised propaganda of the National Council Against Conscription and similar bodies. The whole energies of the nation should be bent to warlike endeavour, and nothing is to be more severely deprecated than the continuance of an agitation which merely serves to keep open divisions which ought now to be closed, and to stimulate dissensions which time would quickly heal. The whole spirit and purpose of these organisations are disloyal and unpatriotic. In Ireland, the peril of ignoring a seditious agitation, on the ground of its unrepresentative nature and supposed harmlessness, has been tragically illustrated. While anticipating no similar disaster in Great Britain, we venture to suggest that the pacifist clique has been given rope enough, and the noose should now be sharply pulled.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

PROMPT ACTION WHICH MUST BE COPIED.

The Chester-le-Street Guardians reported that help had to be given to a starving man, an ex-soldier, by a Relief Committee. When we read that the brave fellow had served in France since August, 1914, was wounded in eleven places, discharged from the Army, received his last payment—either for himself or his wife—in March, and that he had started work and was obliged to discontinue it because his wounds re-opened, we agree with the Guardians that it was "a national disgrace" that such a man—hero and hard worker, should be starving.

Chester-le-Street is communicating with the M.P. for the Division; but we note also, and with sincere pleasure, that it has decided to form a special committee to deal with such cases. Such a step should not be necessary, but where Government does not act, other local authorities must follow this admirable lead. No community dare, for its honour's take, allow a stricken soldier to starve within its boundaries. The thing simply *must* not be.

Better than a Mascot, the "John Bull" Pen.

THE SHOT SENTRY.

SHOCKING STORY OF HYSTERIA AND DEATH.

Seven young soldiers, little more than boys, were set to guard the lighthouse at St. Anne's Head, in Pembrokeshire. In the night one lad told another sentry to look out, as he had seen something suspicious—a man "with one hand on the ground." The boy he warned was Private Wilks—he was but 19—and he stood near some barbed wire. Soon—it was about one in the morning—a shot was heard from somewhere near his post, and the other six young fellows ran for the guardhouse. Arrived there, they appear to have completely lost their heads. They barred the door, heard a shot outside—perhaps fired by young Wilks—and two or three of them started firing through the door, "thinking they were attacked." The "officer" in charge was a lance-corporal, aged 18. After firing, he, poor boy, handed his rifle to a comrade, saying he was going to faint—which he did, promptly. The light in the guardhouse went out, and there the lads remained in the dark until 4.30 in the morning, when a coastguard called to them that a soldier was lying dead outside. They refused to open the door, saying they had been attacked. The Chief Officer of the Coastguard finally quieted their hysteria and brought them to reason—and when they sallied forth in the grey dawn they found poor young Wilks lying dead on the steps leading to the guardhouse, shot through the head.

It is a heartrending story, painful to tell, indescribably sad to read. The Coroner said plainly that the fatal shot which killed a comrade must have been fired by one of three men, and the jury mercifully returned a verdict of accidental death. With that verdict we are not disposed to disagree. It was an accident—a terrible, deplorable accident—and it should never have been possible. We ask how it came that six lads were placed at a lonesome spot under the care and orders of a boy of 18, the lance-corporal. Where were the officers of the guard between 1 and 4.30? Boys like that must never again be left alone in such surroundings. The lads were willing enough; what they lacked was guidance and a controlling hand.

A SERF OF THE SOIL.

SEVERE REBUKE FOR A LINCOLN FARMER.

In the opinion of Judge Mulligan, K.C., "for a boy under 15 to have to work week after week and month after month from 4.30 a.m. until 7 p.m." is not calculated to help in the national emergency. This unhappy fate had actually overtaken a Lutton lad named Henry Thompson, employed on a farm at Godney Marsh by Mr. Arthur E. Holbourn, who was sued in respect of the lad's hard-won wages. In the first place, the boy had been hired by the defendant's foreman at a wage of 12s. a week, out of which he had to pay for his board and lodging—but some days later, as Judge Mulligan found, "the foreman got the boy to sign an agreement which differed from the bargain already made." The difference seems to have been entirely in the lad's disfavour, and the general unfairness of the new arrangement earned the unsparing censure of the learned Judge. Meanwhile, the hours of work had been fixed at from 4.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.—literally from dawn to dusk—and the boy's health soon began to suffer, complaints to the foreman being of no avail. Finally, the poor lad was taken to a doctor, who at once traced his ill-health to exhaustion through overwork, but still the farmer paid no attention, and no change was made in the hours of labour. "The boy," to quote Judge Mulligan, "had to work on in pain and suffering," until he appears to have been almost at the point of collapse, the employer declining to release him from the agreement he had been induced to sign. What his ultimate fate might have been it is painful to think, but at this point the parents seem to have interfered, and after due notice, the lad was withdrawn from Mr. Holbourn's employment, being afterwards compelled to sue the farmer in the County Court for the balance of wages due. The case should serve as a warning to parents; while the stinging reproof of Judge Mulligan may perhaps stir some spark of humanity in the breast of Mr. Arthur E. Holbourn, of Godney Marsh.

STOP THAT TICKLER, GEORGE.

PRETYMAN'S PRETTY AND PETTY PREVARICATION.

Mr. Tickler, the Member for Grimsby, did not belie his name when, with simulated indignation, he recently questioned Mr. George Pretyman, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, in regard to the action of his Department in attempting to dodge liabilities for which it had accepted payment in advance. The form of the question was certainly ingenious, namely: "To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether he was aware that claims arising out of bombardment by enemy aircraft were being declined on the ground that the insured had also signed a coupon of a weekly paper, which paper refuses to accept liability on account of the claim not being made against it in the prescribed time, and seeing that the Government refuses to pay damage insured for until the insured has exhausted the funds of the weekly paper, will he say what action he proposes to take?" The perky Pretyman, doubtless with a cunning twinkle in his eye, rose to the occasion, blandly replying—calmly ignoring the fact that, in the circumstances, there were no "rights" to be "exhausted" and consequently that the matter of "relief" could not arise—"As it was a special condition of the Government policy that an insured person must exhaust his rights in any other scheme of insurance before claiming from the Government, there was no reason why the Government should relieve newspapers from liabilities they had entered into for their own purposes"—adding that "it was very important to ensure that newspapers should fulfil their liabilities, or the insured might be left stranded." The meanness and dishonesty of such a reply would in ordinary times be incredible, but lately, unfortunately, we have had other examples of the depths to which political figure-heads have fallen. In this particular case the person who suffered loss had paid a heavy premium to the Government. Naturally thinking that fairness demanded that those who had received this money should pay the claim, he delayed notifying us of the damage which has been sustained until long after the period laid down by the rules had elapsed. In scores and scores of cases we have waived our right to object to claims presented after it was possible to check the facts, but in this particular instance we availed ourselves of the just and clearly expressed clause in our conditions, in order that the Government, who had received specific payment for the risk, might be forced to settle their honourable obligation. We have, however, offered the unfortunate victim of this despicable manœuvre on the part of a so-called great Government Department financial aid to assert his rights—and we are sure that our readers will agree with us that a more contemptible subterfuge has never disgraced a Public Office. Well may the Parliamentary Secretary pray for someone to "stop that Tickler."

WAGES AT WOOLWICH.

WHY NOT EXHIBIT PAY SHEETS AT WESTMINSTER?

Wages stories of Woolwich Arsenal are becoming so frequent and so funny that we really think samples of wage sheets ought to be exhibited in the House of Commons. Let us select. A small shopkeeper in a London suburb came a cropper, blamed the war for it, and passed into Government service at Woolwich Arsenal in August, 1915. This brilliant mechanic of a few months' training received for the week ending August 15th, £14—and £13 is about his weekly average. Now for another. Shells have to be varnished, but time will not permit of natural drying. Having a pile of varnished shells around them, the head varnisher suggests that it is about time the other fellows woke up to put them in the oven. He sends somebody over to try to arouse the somnolent bakers, and in one or two instances they arise, rub their eyes, stretch themselves, stack the shells in the oven, go to sleep again, and at the end of the week gather round the treasury to draw £14 each for the sweat of their brow. Still another: A trained engineer passes a stiff examination in his profession to become a Government Inspector of Trades, and when he enters upon active duty he is paid, not £14 a week, but—£150 a year, subject to income-tax!

In "Everywoman's" you'll find the paper to suit you.

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THE PACIFIST PLOT.

ENGLISH TRAITORS AND THE IRISH LESSON.

An "Appeal to Members of the House of Lords on behalf of all those young men who have been appointed to Combatant or Non-Combatant Service against their religious and moral convictions, and particularly of the writer's sons, P. E. H. Stott and P. N. Stott" has been courteously forwarded for our perusal by a gentleman subscribing himself "One of the Peers to whom the missive was sent." The author of this appeal to the nobility of the United Kingdom is the Rev. Percy Stott, M.A., B.D., Vicar of St. Peter's, Halliwell, Bolton, and we are given to understand that nothing less than the conscription of his sturdy if unheroic offspring would have induced Mr. Stott to forsake the cloisters of divinity for this singularly unhappy excursion into the arena of political affairs. The reverend gentleman's appeal, which runs into several folios, is a curious document, compact of inconsistencies and irrelevancies, and touching incidentally upon matters as remote from the issue as "slavery, state-regulated vice, drunkenness, murder and theft"—from which it may be gathered that conscription is but one of a number of bees in the writer's bonnet. Indeed, the one subject upon which he appears to have no fixed convictions is the moral aspect of the war, and the supreme necessity of victory for the Allies, if the edifice of civilised liberty is to be preserved from the menace of destruction. We are not surprised to find the writer prating of the protection of the weak while ignoring the fate of Belgium, or discoursing of the sacred rights of minorities while turning a deaf ear to the cries of ravished Serbia and martyred Poland. If we give Mr. Stott credit for complete honesty of conviction, we are yet bound to conclude that he sets greater store by the vagaries of his own "conscience" than the general consensus of enlightened opinion, lay and spiritual, throughout the civilised world. Such a man is beyond the pale of controversy. As the Irishman said of his troublesome neighbour, we can only "lave him to God."

Such vapourings may be more lightly passed over than the organised propaganda of the National Council Against Conscription and similar bodies. The whole energies of the nation should be bent to warlike endeavour, and nothing is to be more severely deprecated than the continuance of an agitation which merely serves to keep open divisions which ought now to be closed, and to stimulate dissensions which time would quickly heal. The whole spirit and purpose of these organisations are disloyal and unpatriotic. In Ireland, the peril of ignoring a seditious agitation, on the ground of its unrepresentative nature and supposed harmlessness, has been tragically illustrated. While anticipating no similar disaster in Great Britain, we venture to suggest that the pacifist clique has been given rope enough, and the noose should now be sharply pulled.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

PROMPT ACTION WHICH MUST BE COPIED.

The Chester-le-Street Guardians reported that help had to be given to a starving man, an ex-soldier, by a Relief Committee. When we read that the brave fellow had served in France since August, 1914, was wounded in eleven places, discharged from the Army, received his last payment—either for himself or his wife—in March, and that he had started work and was obliged to discontinue it because his wounds re-opened, we agree with the Guardians that it was "a national disgrace" that such a man—hero and hard worker, should be starving.

Chester-le-Street is communicating with the M.P. for the Division; but we note also, and with sincere pleasure, that it has decided to form a special committee to deal with such cases. Such a step should not be necessary, but where Government does not act, other local authorities must follow this admirable lead. No community dare, for its honour's take, allow a stricken soldier to starve within its boundaries. The thing simply *must* not be.

Better than a Mascot, the "John Bull" Pen.

THE SHOT SENTRY.

SHOCKING STORY OF HYSTERIA AND DEATH.

Seven young soldiers, little more than boys, were set to guard the lighthouse at St. Anne's Head, in Pembrokeshire. In the night one lad told another sentry to look out, as he had seen something suspicious—a man "with one hand on the ground." The boy he warned was Private Wilks—he was but 19—and he stood near some barbed wire. Soon—it was about one in the morning—a shot was heard from somewhere near his post, and the other six young fellows ran for the guardhouse. Arrived there, they appear to have completely lost their heads. They barred the door, heard a shot outside—perhaps fired by young Wilks—and two or three of them started firing through the door, "thinking they were attacked." The "officer" in charge was a lance-corporal, aged 18. After firing, he, poor boy, handed his rifle to a comrade, saying he was going to faint—which he did, promptly. The light in the guardhouse went out, and there the lads remained in the dark until 4.30 in the morning, when a coastguard called to them that a soldier was lying dead outside. They refused to open the door, saying they had been attacked. The Chief Officer of the Coastguard finally quieted their hysteria and brought them to reason—and when they sallied forth in the grey dawn they found poor young Wilks lying dead on the steps leading to the guardhouse, shot through the head.

It is a heartrending story, painful to tell, indescribably sad to read. The Coroner said plainly that the fatal shot which killed a comrade must have been fired by one of three men, and the jury mercifully returned a verdict of accidental death. With that verdict we are not disposed to disagree. It was an accident—a terrible, deplorable accident—and it should never have been possible. We ask how it came that six lads were placed at a lonesome spot under the care and orders of a boy of 18, the lance-corporal. Where were the officers of the guard between 1 and 4.30? Boys like that must never again be left alone in such surroundings. The lads were willing enough; what they lacked was guidance and a controlling hand.

A SERF OF THE SOIL.

SEVERE REBUKE FOR A LINCOLN FARMER.

In the opinion of Judge Mulligan, K.C., "for a boy under 15 to have to work week after week and month after month from 4.30 a.m. until 7 p.m." is not calculated to help in the national emergency. This unhappy fate had actually overtaken a Lutton lad named Henry Thompson, employed on a farm at Godney Marsh by Mr. Arthur E. Holbourn, who was sued in respect of the lad's hard-won wages. In the first place, the boy had been hired by the defendant's foreman at a wage of 12s. a week, out of which he had to pay for his board and lodging—but some days later, as Judge Mulligan found, "the foreman got the boy to sign an agreement which differed from the bargain already made." The difference seems to have been entirely in the lad's disfavour, and the general unfairness of the new arrangement earned the unsparing censure of the learned Judge. Meanwhile, the hours of work had been fixed at from 4.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.—literally from dawn to dusk—and the boy's health soon began to suffer, complaints to the foreman being of no avail. Finally, the poor lad was taken to a doctor, who at once traced his ill-health to exhaustion through overwork, but still the farmer paid no attention, and no change was made in the hours of labour. "The boy," to quote Judge Mulligan, "had to work on in pain and suffering," until he appears to have been almost at the point of collapse, the employer declining to release him from the agreement he had been induced to sign. What his ultimate fate might have been it is painful to think, but at this point the parents seem to have interfered, and after due notice, the lad was withdrawn from Mr. Holbourn's employment, being afterwards compelled to sue the farmer in the County Court for the balance of wages due. The case should serve as a warning to parents; while the stinging reproof of Judge Mulligan may perhaps stir some spark of humanity in the breast of Mr. Arthur E. Holbourn, of Godney Marsh.

STOP THAT TICKLER, GEORGE.

PRETYMAN'S PRETTY AND PETTY PREVARICATION.

Mr. Tickler, the Member for Grimsby, did not belie his name when, with simulated indignation, he recently questioned Mr. George Pretyman, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, in regard to the action of his Department in attempting to dodge liabilities for which it had accepted payment in advance. The form of the question was certainly ingenious, namely: "To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether he was aware that claims arising out of bombardment by enemy aircraft were being declined on the ground that the insured had also signed a coupon of a weekly paper, which paper refuses to accept liability on account of the claim not being made against it in the prescribed time, and seeing that the Government refuses to pay damage insured for until the insured has exhausted the funds of the weekly paper, will he say what action he proposes to take?" The perky Pretyman, doubtless with a cunning twinkle in his eye, rose to the occasion, blandly replying—calmly ignoring the fact that, in the circumstances, there were no "rights" to be "exhausted" and consequently that the matter of "relief" could not arise—"As it was a special condition of the Government policy that an insured person must exhaust his rights in any other scheme of insurance before claiming from the Government, there was no reason why the Government should relieve newspapers from liabilities they had entered into for their own purposes"—adding that "it was very important to ensure that newspapers should fulfil their liabilities, or the insured might be left stranded." The meanness and dishonesty of such a reply would in ordinary times be incredible, but lately, unfortunately, we have had other examples of the depths to which political figure-heads have fallen. In this particular case the person who suffered loss had paid a heavy premium to the Government. Naturally thinking that fairness demanded that those who had received this money should pay the claim, he delayed notifying us of the damage which has been sustained until long after the period laid down by the rules had elapsed. In scores and scores of cases we have waived our right to object to claims presented after it was possible to check the facts, but in this particular instance we availed ourselves of the just and clearly expressed clause in our conditions, in order that the Government, who had received specific payment for the risk, might be forced to settle their honourable obligation. We have, however, offered the unfortunate victim of this despicable manœuvre on the part of a so-called great Government Department financial aid to assert his rights—and we are sure that our readers will agree with us that a more contemptible subterfuge has never disgraced a Public Office. Well may the Parliamentary Secretary pray for someone to "stop that Tickler."

WAGES AT WOOLWICH.

WHY NOT EXHIBIT PAY SHEETS AT WESTMINSTER?

Wages stories of Woolwich Arsenal are becoming so frequent and so funny that we really think samples of wage sheets ought to be exhibited in the House of Commons. Let us select. A small shopkeeper in a London suburb came a cropper, blamed the war for it, and passed into Government service at Woolwich Arsenal in August, 1915. This brilliant mechanic of a few months' training received for the week ending August 15th, £14—and £13 is about his weekly average. Now for another. Shells have to be varnished, but time will not permit of natural drying. Having a pile of varnished shells around them, the head varnisher suggests that it is about time the other fellows woke up to put them in the oven. He sends somebody over to try to arouse the somnolent bakers, and in one or two instances they arise, rub their eyes, stretch themselves, stack the shells in the oven, go to sleep again, and at the end of the week gather round the treasury to draw £14 each for the sweat of their brow. Still another: A trained engineer passes a stiff examination in his profession to become a Government Inspector of Trades, and when he enters upon active duty he is paid, not £14 a week, but—£150 a year, subject to income-tax!

In "Everywoman's" you'll find the paper to suit you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[*This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.*]

To President Woodrow Wilson, White House, Washington.

Dear President,—Since you seem to be satisfied with the outcome of your diplomatic encounter with Berlin, I suppose I have no right to grumble; but I am afraid you are in for a severe disillusionment if you fancy you have taught morals or manners to the unspeakable Hun. The fact is, of course, that in legitimate naval warfare Germany can achieve nothing; and she is not likely, at the bidding of any neutral, to abandon the sole remaining outlet for her maritime activities. This is the plain logic of the situation, and I am surprised that you should seem for a moment to accept German assurances at their face value. But perhaps you are "bluffing" too.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear Mr. Balfour,—I am sure your recent letter to those Mayors on the East Coast was well meant—your object being to reassure the local population; but was it *quite* wise to let Germany know that the next time she attempts a naval raid, she will not find things so comfortable? Wouldn't it be better to let her think that all is plain sailing for her? You see, my dear sir, we want to sink as many of her ships as possible. *Do* leave these things to the sailors and soldiers—there's a good fellow.

John Bull.

To the Lord Bishop of London.

My Lord Bishop,—Why *can't* you keep quiet? Do you realise the harm you are doing to your Church by all these idiotic activities? Your latest fad is the suppression of afternoon tea on Sundays, so that the servants may have more time to devote to Sabbath rest! Why not give up your early cup of tea in the morning so that Mary Jane may have more time to say her prayers? And then there is that Music Hall promenade mission. What do you know about such things? Have you ever spent an evening in one of such promenades? If so, I vow nobody molested *you*. The tastes of the promenaders are very fastidious! Why don't you get married—and do *your* bit?

John Bull.

To Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Foul Foe,—I have few words to waste upon you, but you pretend to some anxiety in regard to possible terms of peace, and I am anxious that in a matter of such vital importance there shall be no room for misunderstanding. I warn you, therefore, that you need expect no slackening of our efforts until the military strength of the Germanic Alliance is measured in the dust, and the fullest reparation exacted, not only for your original aggression, but for the foul crimes with which in every theatre of war you have sought to avert its inevitable consequences. In close concert with her loyal Allies, Great Britain will fight on till Germany lies prostrate at her mercy. Now you know.

John Bull.

To Mr. W. L. Cook, I.L.P., Blaenavon.

Dear Tub-Thumper,—When the National Council against Conscription wrote suggesting that the Blaenavon Trades and Labour Council should affiliate with them, one of your members made the manly protest: "They are wanting us to be willing to sit at home while four millions of our pals fight for us." That, being the pure, patriotic truth, was so obnoxious to you that you arose in your wrath and said: "I am bound to arise after a remark like that. I am against the present Act. I am under 41 years myself. I will defy them to take me. It is an agitation at the bidding of Carson, the Harmsworth crowd, Lord Derby, and the rest of the dirty, foul-lot crowd." Now, you know, I feel sorry for a man in your state, and I would fain prescribe for your benefit. I think that a little Condy's fluid, diluted, and used as a gargle, is necessary for the cleansing of your gums, larynx, and tongue. Do try it before you speak in public again.

John Bull.

To George Bernard Shaw, Esq., Advertising Expert, London

Dear Pshaw,—If anybody took you more seriously than, as an advertising expert, you take yourself, they would probably incline to be so resentful of your public patronage of Irish rebels as to clothe you in tar and feathers and cast you into the nearest duckpond. Fortunately for you, advertising is now regarded in this country as one of the fine arts; and thus when you tell us that, instead of being shot, the rebels ought to have been treated as prisoners of war, and that an Irishman has "not only a right to resort to arms to achieve the independence of his country," but "is as much in order, morally, in accepting assistance from the Germans in his struggle with England as England is in accepting the assistance of Russia in her struggle with Germany," you will assuredly increase your already wide reputation as a literary blatherskite. As everybody, my dear Pshaw, knows what you are, nobody minds what you say. I would advise you to keep out of the way of his Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy, all the same.

John Bull.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

My Lord Archbishop,—As the spiritual head of "the richest Church in Christendom," I venture to appeal to you. It has been brought to my notice that upon grounds of "stern necessity" the Rev. C. B. Longland, Vicar of Radley, has resigned his living, which has never been worth more than £46 a year. "I can only meet the difficulty," writes the Vicar, "by reducing my expenses so far as I can, and to do so I must leave Radley." How great a loss to the parish the pastor's retirement may occasion I have no means of knowing, but I have no hesitation in saying that the circumstances of his resignation are a reproach and a disgrace to the Church of England. There should be no further talk of new bishoprics until the Church has ensured a living wage to its lesser clergy.

John Bull.

To Master William Wrate, Princess Buildings, Southwark.

Dear William,—I have splendid news of you. Seeing a little girl fall into the water, you dived into the Thames, at a most dangerous point, in the hope of rescuing her, and although you failed to save her life your plucky effort was worthy of the highest praise. I am sorry you spoiled your best clothes over the job, and I think people ought to know how the mishap occurred, but I am delighted to gather that the Coroner saw that you did not suffer in this respect.

John Bull.

To Henry Ford, Esq., Pacifist and Motor Car Manufacturer, U.S.A.

Sir,—News reaches this yere country thet a bunch of lunatics away in Michigan an' Nebraska hev put yew up as a Presidential nomination; also thet yew ain't goin' tew stand bekase yew figger, reckon, an' calkerlate the hull thing ez a joke. Thought I would jest drop yew a few lines tew assure yew I am of yewr mind thet these yere strenuous times demand fer President of the States a man who kin shed ink a lot more than one who kin only manoofacter motor cars. Every cobbler tew his last.

John Bull.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., D.D

Fussy Fossil,—They tell me I have been making a slight mistake as to the letters which should follow your name, but on the whole I fancy you are less "bad" than "mad." However, that by the way. I see you are contemplating "a strong house-to-house appeal to the women of England," the idea being to teach the wives of our soldiers to behave themselves while their husbands are away. "The women and children must be taught," you say, "to make the men's dreams come true." A more odious blend of cant and prudery it would be hard to conceive, while for sheer solid cheek you take the biscuit. Get away, do.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P.

My Dear "Dal,"—Congrats. on your score over that matter of helmets for the boys in the trenches. I am keeping my eye on you for a post in the Business Government.

John Bull.

Little Fortunes are to made in "Bullets."

PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

MR. ASQUITH: "For this state of things we must all accept some responsibility. Now, let's put our heads together and end it."

JOHN BULL. MAY 20TH, 1916.

"Don't buy new clothes needlessly. Don't be ashamed of wearing old clothes in war-time."—
Official Poster.

ESPECIALLY

as no one will know them for old clothes if you let us keep them in order. Weekly or fortnightly service by yearly subscription. Write for prospectus.

We collect, repair, cleanse, revive the cloth and return beautifully packed 10 miles from Charing Cross. Beyond, send by post and we post back.

Try one suit or overcoat ... 3/9
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CHOCOLOIDS for Constipation.
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Send a P.O. for 1s. 3d. now—or 2s. 6d. for a full treatment 2½ times the size.
The CHOCOLOID Co., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 33), Birmingham.
Free sample sufficient to prove, sent on receipt of postcard.

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SKIN TREATMENT

Best, Safest, Quickest for all Ailments Affecting the Skin. Contains special curative and beautifying property discovered by Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S.

A Leeds Lady says:—
"For severe eczema, affecting the ankles and feet, I had tried London treatment and the X-rays with only temporary relief. Since hearing of Dr. Pogson's treatment I have given up all other applications, and find I keep the eczema under control and feel much better, physically and mentally, than has been the case for years."

Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. & 3s.
Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap, for Perfect Skin Beauty, 1s.
Sold by Boots' Cash Chemists, Ltd., Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., and all Chemists, or from Pogson, Halton, Leeds. Mention "John Bull."

FREE SHOE BOOK SAVES 40/-
"The Sole of Steel" describes my light, springy, comfortable, economical, waterproof, all-season general purpose working boot that saves your feet, health and money. 1 pair of "Steels" outwears 3 to 6 pairs of leather work boots. Send postcard to-day. Address

H. M. RUTHSTEIN (Dept. 16M), NORTHAMPTON.

PLUNDERING THE SHOPPER.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS REPLIES.

When I ventured my previous observations on the plundering of my missus, and other people's missuses, by the man behind the counter, I had every reason to expect, and believe, that I should raise a hornets' nest about my ears. Verily I am not disappointed. Judging by the piles of letters the Editor of JOHN BULL has sent to me, the present-day shopkeeper would kill me with as little compunction, pity, or remorse as I would kill him. The butcher and the baker, the coal man and the milkman, the grocer and the provision dealer, the ham-and-beef carver and the fish-and-chips merchant, the bun-and-milk caterer, and the cat's-meat man—who put up the price of cat's-meat last week and also reduced it two bits on the skewer—all are after me with tomahawks. They say it is not they who are to blame for putting up the price of everything—and the value of nothing—but the wholesaler. He is the real villain of the piece. All I can say is that I have asked him, and he says he isn't. He says he is losing money fast, and if I don't stop the war inside ten years he will be a ruined and a blighted man. Possibly he is a liar; I only tell you what he says.

The most savage of all the plunderers who have been for so long sitting on my head and rifling my pockets is a gentleman who reminds me that it is necessary for a tradesman to live. But that is begging the question; it is one of the points to be decided, and if I were not a polite man, given to gentle accents and kindly thoughts, I should say, as said a great Frenchman to one who made much the same remark to him: "*Pourquoi? Ce n'est pas necessaire.*" I admit a coal merchant cannot eat coal, and a milkman sometimes prefers Scotch, and a bootmaker cannot be expected to masticate leather—unless, that is, he buys it as a change from the butcher; that, in fact, if it be correct to assume that it is necessary to live, one must buy certain things which one does not always sell. But self and missus, like thousands of others, are in the position that we cannot shove the extra cost of living on the butcher, the baker, the coalman, the milkman, and the rest, as they all shove all theirs on to us. On the contrary, the man who employs me says I am worth only £3 a week, and £3 a week is all I shall get; but while the tradesmen plunder wife and self for everything we need to eat, drink and wear, the landlord wants more rent, and the Government wants more taxes, and thus every sixpenn'orth I used to eat before the war now costs me 11½d., and no picking about for lean bits either.

But let it go. If at the present moment there is a shopkeeper in this unhappy land who can put his hand on his patriotic, honest bosom, and swear he is not taking unfair advantage of my missus and me, I will not kill him; I will let him live as a Christian example of truth and justice to his *confrères*. Meanwhile a Doncaster shopkeeper wants to know whether I am a lunatic. 'Pon my word, I think I am!

INSULTING KHAKI CANADIANS.

SENILE SENATOR RAVES AT RECRUITS.

Judging by the splendid rally of Canada to the flag of Empire, Senator Choquette, of Quebec, is the odd man out. He is described as a former Mayor of Quebec, a former Judge of the province, "one of the most prominent and active of the Quebec Liberals," and a *protégé* of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Even the Herren von Snowden and Ramsay Macdonaldstein have not dared to venture their sentiments in the House of Commons to the outrageous length Senator Choquette has ventured them in the Upper House of the Canadian Legislature. On the vote for the Fifty Million-dollar Appropriation Bill not only did he demand the cessation of recruiting, but accompanied his demand by grossly scandalous attacks on the men enlisting, especially in Toronto. "What are the class of men we are recruiting and paying for?" he asked. "They are not Englishmen, nor Irishmen, nor Scotsmen, nor Frenchmen; they are the offspring of prostitutes of soldiers in London. I have no sons to go to the Front, but I have sons to defend this country if the time comes when it is attacked." The breed of the Choquettes are the anti-patriots, the voluble do-nothings, the wind-and-weather-permitting slackers who have little or nothing in common with the men who have left all in Canada to risk all in Europe, for the cause of every dominion, every colony, every confederation, every country under the common flag of liberty, justice and humanity which floats above them. If the Empire loses in this war, it loses all; and the Choquettes of Canada in that event will not be long before their stay-at-home courage will be put to a sharper test than they realise.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

COUNCILLOR BARBER (according to "Salisbury Times" report of application to Watch Committee for a uniform coat to be purchased for the police matron): "The matron had DONE WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES up to now, and he saw no reason why they should spend the money."

"HAPPY HOME" (recipe):—
"Cheese Pudding. Required: — TWO HEAPED breakfastcupfuls MILK . . . "

"GLOUCESTER CITIZEN" (advertisement):—
"Lydney Park: The Gardens and Deer Park will be thrown open to the Public without charge on Good Friday . . . . Children under 14 unaccompanied by their PARENTS AND DOGS not admitted."

MR. J. SCURR (writing in "The Herald"):—
"To-day I have before my eyes the horrors of the fighting in Dublin. I see the burning city. I HEAR THE SHRIEKS OF THE DEAD and dying."

"NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EVENING TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"Middle-aged Person wanted as housekeeper to BACHELOR WITH TWO CHILDREN."

Please place this page in your window or on your wall for others to read.

This is the cover of the card on which you stick 6d. stamps till you have 15/6. You can get it at any Post Office.

Have you got your War Savings Card?

GO TO THE POST OFFICE at once and get your War Savings Card.

On this card—which you can get free—you stick 6d. stamps till you have saved 15/6. When it is full take it to the Post Office and they will give you a War Savings Certificate, which is worth 15/6 now, but in 5 years' time will be worth £1. You should also see that each of your children has a War Savings Card.

You can of course take 15/6 to the Post Office and get a War Savings Certificate at once.

Each year your money grows as follows:—

In 1 year it becomes 15/9
In 2 years it becomes 16/9
In 3 years it becomes 17/9
In 4 years it becomes 18/9
In 5 years it becomes £1.

You can always get your money back in full if you need it, even if you take it out the day after you put it in.

Go to the Post Office
and get your War Savings Card.

HOME FROM SCHOOL

and "hungry as hunters;" how quickly the morning goes! "What's for dinner?" Wise mother smiles,—she is never without Bird's Custard!

On cold days, she serves it hot with wholesome Old-English Puddings—Apple, Plum, Ginger, Marmalade, etc.

And she never serves Rice, Sago, or Tapioca Pudding without a spoonful of Bird's Custard to each plate, knowing well that the plainer fare is made attractive to the young folk by the delicious and creamy Bird's Custard.

On warmer days, Bird's Custard is served with stewed fresh, or tinned or bottled, fruit. Countless mothers know that fruit and health and Bird's Custard go hand in hand.

Bird's—

the Perfect Custard,

provides attractive, nourishing meals, for hearty romping children.

Sold in pkts, boxes and large tins.

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"You'll catch it!"

—and so you will, if you smoke coarse, heavy tobacco about the house. But it's all right if you smoke Bondman.

Ladies like the delicate fragrance—you can light up Bondman at the table after dinner, or at cards in the drawing-room.

Bondman has a splendid full flavour, smokes slowly and evenly, and gives you more pipe happiness for the money than any other tobacco.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

Per 6d. oz. LLOYD'S **BONDMAN**

Rich, Ruddy, Virginia Tobacco.

"TIZ" Cured my Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just Try TIZ."

"TIZ" makes my feet just dance."

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ.

TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen, or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, hard skin, or bunions.

Get a 1/1½ box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief.—Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1/1½. Think of it!

PEEPS AT THE GREAT.

By THE WATCHFUL WINDOW CLEANER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Larf! I thort I sh'd 'ave died! It wos like this 'ere, mate. The boss ses, "Look 'ere, you've gotter go rarnd an' clean Lloy' George's winders in Downin' Street. An' git a move on yer." "Orl right, orl right," I ses. About 'arf parst seven, it wos; an' I thort p'raps nobody wouldn't be up. But they wos—not 'arf! That's ter say, the 'ousemaid wos—an' not 'arf a bad little bit o' skirt she ain't, neether. She let me through to the back, an' I bungs me ladder up to one o' the first flore winders. It wos wide open at the bottom, an' the blind wos up, an' as I stretches me neck over the sill, I sees one o' the prittiest sights I ever see—a young gell settin' up in bed drinkin' a cup o' tea. I orlways makes a point o' bein' perlite ter ladies, so I ses, "Good mornin', miss." She gives a yell, drops 'er tea, flops back, an' pulls the bed cloes over 'er 'ead. So I thort I'd better try anuvver winder. Well, I did; an' w'en I 'ad a peep inside I thort fur a minnit I wos lookin' in a room in a mad 'ouse. It wos 'arf full o' people, orl rushin' about an' shoutin'. An' the rum part is, it wos a bed-room! I couldn't see nuthink plain at first on account o' the mob, but presently I sees Lloy' George in 'is perjarmers shavin' 'isself, an' torkin' so 'ard an' farst at the same time that 'e wos blowin' the larther orl over the shop. Squattin' by 'is side wos a chap workin' a typewriter somethink terrific. An' now an' then 'e 'ad ter stop an' wipe blobs o' larther orf 'is face wot Lloy' George 'ad blow'd there. Then 'e went on agin, farster than ever. Then a chap rushes up with a shell in 'is 'and. Lloy' George grabs it, still with the razer in 'is 'and. The chap gives a yell an' a jump, an' shoves 'is thumb in 'is mouth. But the typewritin' bloke never stops, excep' to wipe a dollop o' soap out of 'is eye. Lloy' George 'ands back the shell, an' the chap wot brought it mizzles. Then in rushes anuvver bloke with a pile o' papers an' shoves 'em on a table. Lloy' George jumps at 'em, with a towel in one 'and, grabs a pen, an' starts signin' 'em w'ile 'e wipes 'is face, shoutin' at the chap with the typewriter orl the time—dictatin', I think they calls it. Well, I wos that flabbergasted thet I couldn't move, but jest 'ung there, with me mouth open, gapin' through the winder. W'en Lloy' George 'ad signed orl the papers, an' the bloke wot brought 'em 'ad tore away as if Ole Nick wos arfter 'im, 'e chucks the towel on the bed, an' starts gittin' out of 'is perjarmers. 'E thort 'e 'ad wiped orl the soap orf 'is dial, but 'e 'adn't. There wos a dollop under 'is ear. So I ses, "Excuse me, sir, but you've left a bit under yore ear 'ole," an' started swabbin' the winder fur orl I was worth. 'E didn't take no notice, I didn't see 'im no more, an' the chap with the typewriter cleared out.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

SMALL BOY: Father, wot's daylight savin'?

FATHER: W'y, savin' the daylight, o' course.

SMALL BOY: Wot, like you save pennies in a box?

FATHER: No, no; don't be ser silly. You can't save daylight in a box.

SMALL BOY: Then wot can you save it in, father?

FATHER: You can't save it in nuthink. You jest save it by usin' more of it, see?

SMALL BOY: But I 'eard mother tell you last night to be more savin' with the matches, an' not use so many of 'em. If you can save daylight by usin' more of it, can't you save matches by usin' more of 'em?

FATHER: You don't unnerstand. Daylight ain't like matches. You don't 'ave to pay fur daylight like wot you do fur matches. You save daylight by gittin' up earlier in the mornin's. W'en it's six o'clock you makes out it's seven.

SMALL BOY: Can you save daylight at night time, father?

FATHER: Wot's put *thet* in yore 'ead?

SMALL BOY: W'y, w'en mother sed to you this mornin' "It's all very well for you to make out you come 'ome at eleven last night; I tell you it wos twelve," wos that daylight savin'?

FATHER: Don't be ser silly. 'Ow can you save daylight w'en it's dark? You don't unnerstand. Look outer the winder, there's a goo' boy.

SMALL BOY (*after an interval of silence*): Father, can *I* save daylight?

FATHER: Course you can, if you're a goo' boy, an' don't arsk questions.

SMALL BOY: Wot can I keep it in?

FATHER (*sharply*): I tol' jer you carn't keep it in nuthink, didn' I?

SMALL BOY: Then 'ow can I save it?

FATHER (*shouting*): I tol' jer! Use more of it! Go to bed a *hour* earlier an' git up a *hour* earlier!

SMALL BOY: But it's daylight w'en I go to bed now, father, ain't it?

FATHER: Eh? Wotcher drivin' at now?

SMALL BOY: Couldn't I use more daylight by sittin' up till it's dark?

FATHER: You'll go to bed w'en yer mother tells yer, like a goo' boy. You're too young ter save daylight.

SMALL BOY: Can I save some daylight w'en I'm a man, father?

FATHER (*benignantly*): Yes.

SMALL BOY: 'Ow much can I save?

FATHER (*distracted*): Blimy! Will you 'old yer tongue, I tell yer? You don't unnerstand. Arsk yer mother.

SMALL BOY (*after a further interval*): Will mother save some daylight, father?

FATHER (*bitterly*): You bet she will!

SMALL BOY: Will she scrape it, too?

FATHER: Scrape it? Wotcher mean? 'Ow can yer scrape daylight? Don't be ser silly.

SMALL BOY: But I 'eard mother say wot wos the good of 'er scrapin' an' savin' w'ile you——

FATHER (*hastily*): Will you 'old yer noise w'en I tell yer? Come on, jump down. 'Ere we are.

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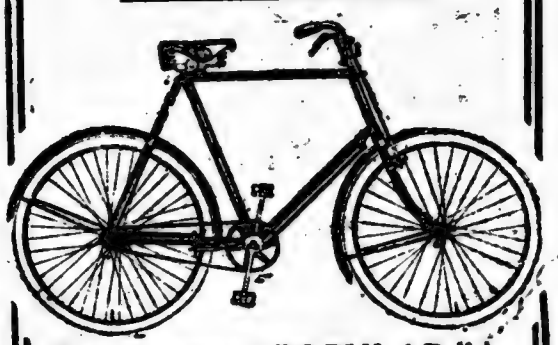

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IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Numerous men discharged medically unfit pending pension, and otherwise, are sent home to their families without money, and their distress is naturally great. To some of them are due various sums of money, frequently amounting to twenty or thirty pounds. But they are plunged into pauperism and distress because the regimental authorities do not send their acquittances to the Paymasters, or because "My Lords" and others at Chelsea are not in a hurry to apportion the pension. They come *en masse* to JOHN BULL Offices, and we gladly make grants to enable them to carry on until they receive their rights. But, of course, our little fund is not inexhaustible, and is very hard pressed just now.

We wish again to remind the soldiers that we receive little, if any, support from the land forces, although their wives and children form the bulk of the applicants for relief. We thank the men of the Navy for the generous donations which they forward, notwithstanding it is seldom that a Royal Naval man, or his wife, asks for help. One of such applicants, however, is a sailor with nearly twenty years' service. He has been sent back to civil life, for medical reasons, due to his last year's vigil in the North Sea. When he came ashore he had only a very small sum of money, and pending a settlement by the Admiralty was in distress. We did as his messmates would have desired.

Seasonal complaints are now very rife, and measles and other infectious diseases are common. They invade the homes of our soldiers' families, and consequently an extra strain is thrown upon our little fund. Doctors' and chemists' bills must be met, and they mean a further eating into the all too small separation allowances granted to the women. In every genuine case placed before us we give help.

One of our fine chaps came back from the front with his arms and kit, thinking of the warm welcome that he would receive. The poor fellow found the larder empty and two of his children very ill, his loyal wife not having reported her circumstances to him for sentimental reasons. He visited us. Not unnaturally, he remarked that he had not much heart to go back and fight. We made him happy.

"I came back from France to find my little daughter lying dying." This was the statement made by another soldier who called upon us after having obtained extra leave. He, of course, wanted more money than was in his pocket when he left France, but when he made application for it he was told that his papers had been mislaid. When we have a genuine case before us we do not ask for detailed statements of accounts. The want is there, and the relief is immediately at hand.

A man left the Service with his right hand practically blown off. He had received no pension, because he retired on his own application. In his damaged state he could get no work, and with his wife and family he was "on the rocks" until he came to Long Acre.

Men are taken into the Service, obviously unfit, to go through military training. In order to join, many of them leave more or less well-paid situations and, although they pass the medical officers, are soon sent back to their families, broken in health and unfit for work. The consequences are obvious. If more care were taken by our military doctors in passing recruits or in releasing them from the Service when it is obvious that they must inevitably become human wrecks, the nation would be saved many thousands of pounds, and the calls upon our fund would be very much fewer.

Our subscribers will be glad to know that we receive letters of enthusiastic thanks from our beneficiaries. Here is one, typical of the majority, which contains the sentences: "God bless you. When my little boy is saying his prayers, he uses one I have taught him for JOHN BULL. You are the only friend I found in England." We will gladly show any subscriber to the fund other similar missives, as well as full accounts of the receipts and expenditure.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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"Shakyt," 10s.; A. R., 2s.; M. E. L., 1s.; H. J. B., 1s.; R. T., 5s.; W. D. (Rhodesia), £5; "Le Rire," 2s. 6d.; L. K., 1s.; Mrs. M. H., 1s.; A. W. M., 1s.; K. P., 1s.; Anon., 6d.; "Old Stable Jacket," 2s.; M. F., 1s.; W. G. S. ("Printers' Arms," Kennington Lane), 2s.; A. M. M., 30 francs; Mrs. P., 5s.; "Anonymous," 2s.; "Two Messmates," 7s. 6d.; I. B., 10d.; A. J. P., 6d.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; J. B. R. (Rhodesia), £1; Mrs. L., 1s.; "Moonshine," 2s. 6d.; C. S. (Hillington), 2s. 6d.; "Pongo," 5s.; "Tsafleb," 4s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. R. E., 3s.; T. O'T., 1s.; P. F. E. M., 1s.; E. J. F., 1s.; "A Bowes Park Reader," 2s.; F. W. C. M. (H.M.S. *Isonzo*), £1; C. B., 1s.; A. C. F., 1s.; A. McC., 2s.; C. M. C., 1s.; "A Wicked Gambler" (York), £1; Rfn. J. A., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal" (per A. E. B.), 6s.; "The Boys at Lands End Power Station, Woolwich Arsenal" (per F. W. W.), 17s.; J. W. K., 1s.; H. A., 6d.; A. H. (Aston), £1; J. W., 2s. 6d.; J. E. W., 10s.; I. M. B., 1s.; M. W., 1s.; W. C., 1s.; A. J. T., 2s. 6d.; E. J. B., 1s.; F. P. L., 1s.; A. L. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; W. J., 1s.; "A Constant Reader" (B.E.F.), 2s. 4d.; "Collection on board H.M.S. *Philomel*" (per H. T.), £9 14s.

Mr. S. J. Lloyd, the winner of the First Prize in our 185th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

Miss Davina Blake, of Rio Gallegos, Patagonia, also sends us £32 5s. 1d., collected by her.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, 8s. 1d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow & Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, c/o Messrs. Taplow & Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 6s. 6d.; The Jiffire Co., 63, Dalwood Street, Camberwell, 2s. 7d.; Mr. A. Stribling, "The Carlton," Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, 2s. 9d.; Mr. S. W. Spratt, 98, Richmond Road, Ilford, 4s. 1d.

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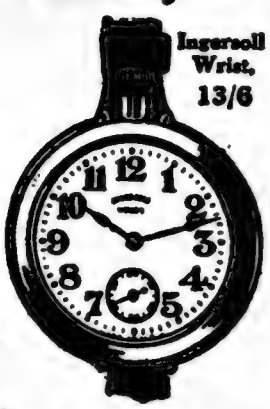

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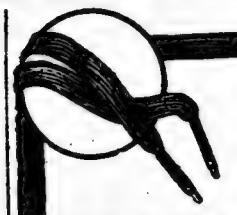

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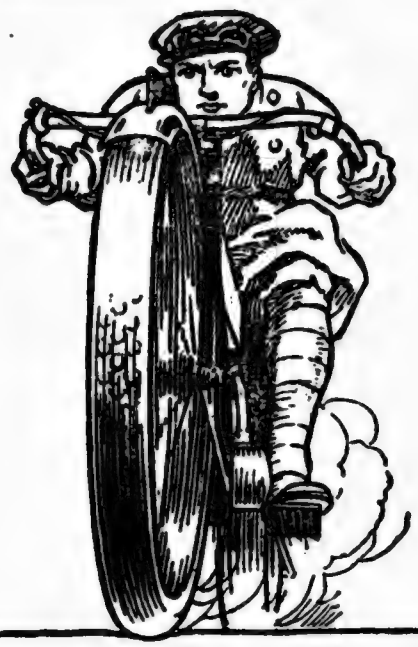

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

IRREGULAR WARFARE.

Among the military heroes in the recent Dublin trouble are a score of Army Pay Clerks, who held the Linen Hall Barracks against the armed enemy, their only means of offence and defence being bricks and the fire hose. They held out for three days, during which time they had no food. In the end, unfortunately, the Pay Offices were burned down, but the Inspector-General of the A.P.D. came over from London, with his right-hand man and about five tons of official stationery, and worked wonders in the way of straightening things. The pay documents of a number of battalions were burned, but we are glad to say that everything is now shipshape. The achievement is a great feather in the cap of Brig.-General Carter.

"HEADS!"

That steel helmet is causing a lot of annoyance, mainly because it is badly designed and ill-fitted. Here are some considered opinions from a brave Tommy who wears one: "These helmets may be all right in case of shrapnel, but at the same time they are a curse. They grip the head, causing painful headache. Now it's near summer they cause sweat, and there are no air-holes in the sides. I can see us going bald." And this touch is Mr. Atkins at his brightest: "When you salute an officer you have to be very careful you don't cut your finger!" Pending an improvement in the pattern, the men might be allowed to wear their caps when out of the trenches.

FROM THE SHADES.

Some of the recruiting officers in Wales are eager not to miss much. There was a young man who attested, but he should never have been accepted, for he was in consumption; he died, poor chap, some two months ago. Just recently at his home arrived a notice summoning him to join up in a fortnight! It was returned, and the circumstances explained, but they must have been unconvincing, for the next step was a peremptory note ordering the deceased to join up at once—and enclosing a railway warrant for the journey! If the case were not so sad, it would be laughable.

WARMINSTER CAMP.

We are not satisfied with regard to affairs in Warminster Camp, in Wiltshire. The men in some battalions complain of harsh treatment, one of their grumbles being that they are not allowed passes. We should be glad to see their grievances remedied.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

An Australian soldier at the front writes to us, asking why he has not received a single parcel from his parents for the last six months, although things have been dispatched to him regularly. We cannot give a definite answer, but would advise him to consult the gang of Parcels Post Pilferers who operate between the English ports and the bases.

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

A reserve battery commander in Yorkshire evidently has his own ideas of justice. He recently posted the following Order: "All N.C.O.s and men of D Sub-section are confined to barracks until further notice on account of No. —, Driver ——, breaking out of barracks and remaining absent until 12.40 a.m. 4-5-16." It is grossly unfair to punish a whole sub-section for a crime committed by one man only, and we would like to point out to the Major who took this high-handed course that actions such as this lead to discontent, which is bad for discipline, and sometimes to desertion or even mutiny.

TOMMY'S £ s. d.

We have already shown how Tommy is being rooked out of his pay, stating that when the war is over some men who handle the soldiers' money will be the proprietors of corner pubs. We recently advised a man to write to his Regimental Paymaster for a detailed statement of accounts, which he received. The document contained two items, of five shillings and thirteen shillings respectively, alleged to have been paid in May last to him, but unfortunately for the Paymaster's accuracy the man was on the dates in question a prisoner in Wandsworth Gaol, and therefore could not by any possibility have obtained the money. If there is anybody at the War Office who is really out to secure justice for the soldier, we commend this case to him and shall be glad to supply particulars. The man, by the way, belonged to a County of London regiment.

VERY MOOT POINTS.

We receive numerous letters concerning "wounds" and other gratuities to officers. Most of the points raised are cleared up by Army Order 3, of January, 1916—which lays down that where disability is contracted in military service but not caused by it the Army Council may, at their discretion, award a gratuity not exceeding three months' pay, if it appears to them that the officer's earning power has been so much impaired as to justify a grant.

THE PITY OF IT.

Once again we would appeal to commanding officers at the front and at home on the question of leave. We constantly receive letters from men that would move the sphinx to tears. They are from soldiers whose wives or children are dying or dead, and state that though they have begged for leave to come over to the death-bed or funeral they have been brutally refused. We know the feelings of Lord Kitchener on such matters, and we are convinced that members of the War Council are at one with him. We, therefore, appeal for the issue of an Army Order to Commanders instructing them to give leave in such circumstances.

A PLEA FOR THE LADIES.

The fair misses who enlisted to drive military motors for a division now at Shepherd's Bush are grumbling, and with good cause. Their male comrades of the A.S.C. are given 42s. a week, with kit, materials and allowances; but the ladies receive only 35s., find their own clothing, and are compelled to clean their cars, although they were promised before enlistment that this job would not fall to their lot. They are under a female commanding officer who seems to be too mid-Victorian to allow them to wear trouser suits while cleaning their vehicles, consequently they have to crawl under their cars in skirts—with results which sometimes attract the attention of the soldiers!

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following men:—

Lieut. Richards, 7th Royal Munster Fusiliers; Sgt. Geo. H. Chimes, 16th Battalion Australian Forces; Pte. J. Burrows, 11307, A Co., 7th Leicestershires; Pte. J. Hicks, 14269, D Co., 10th Hants Rgt.; Gr. A. E. Rose, 80182, R.F.A., Battery 27; Pte. A. S. Uden, 2926, B Co., 8th Queen's R.W. Surreys; Pte. S. Fox, 128321, C Co., 10th Sherwood Foresters; Pte. H. Wheat, 21230, D Co., 10th Sherwood Foresters; Rfn. R. F. Crowe, 10637, 9th Rifle Bgde.; Pte. W. Bodman, 7736, C Co., 6th E. Kents Buffs; L.-Cpl. J. Blair, 3769, 9th Bgde., Machine G. Co., 1st N.F.; L.-Cpl. P. Avels, 6617, C Co., 2nd Leicestershires; Cpl. E. Holmes, 7538, B Co., 7th Seaforth Hdrs.; Sgt. G. Roberts, 45695, 179th Bgde. R.A.F.

Seize the Opportunity

"John Bull" readers should fill in form at foot for Free Trial bottle of Antexema, the famous British skin remedy.

Make sure you do not miss this straightforward offer. Why go on suffering from eczema, face spots, rash, a bad leg, bad hands, or any other skin trouble, when all the while there is a remedy certain to cure you? That remarkable skin remedy is Antexema. There is absolutely nothing else like it in the world. So that you may try it, we offer a free bottle. Use it and you'll be convinced beyond shadow of doubt that nothing can compare with Antexema. However many doctors, hospitals or ointments have failed to cure you, or however desperately bad or painful your skin trouble, Antexema is absolutely certain to succeed, for it does not know how to fail. Suffer no longer, therefore, but send immediately for the Free Trial bottle of Antexema which will start your cure.

Antexema always succeeds

The soothing, cooling comfort produced by the first application of Antexema is delicious, and the immediate cessation of irritation, burning and smarting is delightful. But this is only the beginning. Every day you notice the bad place looks better, that new skin is growing, and soon you are for ever rid of your horrible skin trouble. Start to-day to end your skin complaint.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, 20/5/16. .....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

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J. G. (Highgate).—We do not think we will indulge in any more forecasts about the end of the war just at the moment. You see, these politicians upset all our calculations!

A. D. (Weeton).—You must try to read between the lines of some of our articles. *Verb. sap.*

R. S. (Durham).—We have been called so many things in our lives—but a "pro-German"——Help!

W. L. (Portman Road) says that if we don't wake up, the Huns will wake us up. We don't feel as drowsy as we did.

C. MAC (Edinburgh).—We noted the statement of the *Italian Agenzia Nazionale* that the Germhun fleet is preparing for a Spring offensive. Up to now, the Germhun fleet is the only thing in Germhuny which hasn't been offensive.

"LATE LIEUT. AND ADJUTANT" (Legion of Frontiersmen).—Cannot say "how long the people of the Motherland will endure the Parliamentary muddlers"; they are such a patient folk.

"HASTINGS READER."—Why *should* we "reply to Mr. Hodson's letter in the *Hastings and St. Leonards Observer*"? Apart from the fact that he doesn't know the A B C of the Business Government movement, the *Observer's* Editor administers to him a sufficient castigation in his footnote to the letter.

G. C. (Belfast).—Our remark that the Irish "question" was as dead as a door-nail was a reference to political matters only, which are dead during the war, and we hope will never be resuscitated. That Irish troubles have been very much alive we have repeatedly stated, with all the emphasis of *italics*.

H. W. (Richmond, Yorks).—You should send Mr. Asquith a special dispensation to sing, without fee or licence, your version of "The Rosary": "Thou art the treasure of my heart, For which I long, and 'Wait and see,' Fain would they tear away from me a part—My salary! My salary!"

PTE. A. S. (B.E.F., Flanders) warns the "conscientious objectors" that the lives of some of them won't be worth "two-pen-n'orth of cold gin" when the boys come back to Blighty. There'll be a hot time in the old town that night!

G. H. P. (Bridlington).—Before the war Mr. Lloyd George, having a childlike faith in Germhuny, was in favour of the reduction of our armed forces.

J. B. (Ossett).—You may still insist on calling us an Anglo-Israelite, but that does not make us one. Our ancestry is Scandinavian, rather than Semitic.

"ONE OF THE WORKERS" (Leeds).—The manager, having been warned of Zepps, should have sent home the girls arriving for night work. To admit 1,000 girls and leave them in darkness from 9 till dawn was—inconsiderate. But that's not quite the word we mean.

"A READER, &c." (Bedford).—That must be a nice carpenter's shop where the badged young men play skittles and darts till they have to lie down and sleep. Sleepy place, Bed-ford?

G. S. (Downham Market).—Sorry we cannot supply names of titled Englishmen who are linguists. There's Lord Rosebery—but he's Scotch; Sir Roger Casement—but he's Irish; and Lord Bryce—but probably he's an Esperantist!

"VIKING."—A courageous nickname, yet you hide your name and address. So, like a "hell-spy," we have been "criminally silent" regarding drink and sport. Then you say "this war is the logical climax of sport." Yet there is no nation so ignorant of sport as the Germhuns. Your arguments are as bad as your abuse.

F. J. W. (Thornton Heath).—"As the enemy aircraft disappeared in the distance a number of Allies' machines went up and gave chase." The *Daily Chronicle* deserves half a biscuit for that.

"READER SINCE FIRST COPY" (Ireland).—Your copy of JOHN BULL, enclosed in office wrapper, came a week late, having been "Opened by Censor." Can only hope his seven days' perusal of us did him a world of good.

"GLASGOW" (Crosshill).—Quite right. We are not warned of Zepp raids in London by hooters and foghorns, and don't wish to be.

J. T. (Canonbury).—Whether Sid Wright, who wanted the "honour" of paying a shirker's fine at Hereford, is the same Sid Wright who was an official of the Gas Workers' and G.L. Union, we cannot tell you. Perhaps some reader can oblige with Mr. Sid's pedigree?

"BRIDLINGTONIAN."—We are told that Dr. Field was not debarred from seeing in hospital the victim of a motor smash—to whom he had rendered first-aid—because of professional jealousy, but because the patient, besides being attended by his own doctor, had just undergone an operation. Disputes about professional etiquette do exist, but were not active on that occasion.

"A FREQUENT READER" (France).—You may have heard that a batch of "Conscientious Objectors" (C.O's.) have already been sent to France to work behind the lines. Like yourself, we would place them in front instead of behind. Let us borrow a word from Shakespeare, and call them the "posteriors" of the Army.

M. E. H. (Shepherd's Bush, W.).—It is horrible to think of single shirkers in munition works paying their foremen a percentage of their wages to induce them to class them as indispensable. But we do not doubt that it is being done.

C. E. N. (Peckham).—Germhun is a horrible language, but the Briton who acquires it will be in all the better position to beat Germhuns in commerce after the war.

L. M. C. (Woodbridge).—Notwithstanding all you say, the men without children should be taken first.

J. S. J. (Birmingham) and MANY OTHERS write either claiming a share in the £4,000,000 said to be standing at the Bank of England awaiting the rightful heir to the "Jennings estates," or offering assistance in substantiating the claim of the man to whom we recently referred. These communications have been forwarded to our original correspondent.

"BARMA" (Chatham) works on a transport, and says "our ship was besieged" at Vancouver Island "with men anxious to work their passage home." Perhaps they want to enlist.

W. A. (Hasbrouck, U.S.A.) thinks our public men were "chumps to oppose the Channel tunnel scheme." Certainly a tunnel would be useful now, if it could be rendered immune from explosion.

"YANK" (New York).—The Canadian 97th, "known as the American Legion"—and U.S. citizens—look a splendid lot. Good luck and hearty welcome to them!

J. S. (Beckenham).—"Why, twelve years ago, did the Kaiser send to me twice by special command for details of any knowledge or drawings of aircraft in my possession?" How can we tell?

T. G. C. (Liverpool).—There is no doubt that the waste of foodstuffs in the Army is still scandalous.

E. C. G. (Handsworth) alleges that the night manager of a munition works is a "cursed bully" for sending men home when only three minutes late. Perhaps if they were prompt the manager would cease to bully and the unmanageable would cease to curse.

J. M. K. (New York).—Glad the Carnegie Hall meeting in support of the Allies' cause was so enthusiastic.

W. H. J. L. (Dragoon Guards).—It is too early to issue medals, even for the wounded, and armlets and badges have been overdone. We must bide a wee.

"NEPTUNE" says our shipping business is being collared by Scandinavians, who are piling up money and "picking up information which will be used to our detriment later, and the British firms employing or encouraging them will only shout too late." So let us all shout now.

CHAS. BOSSUS (Rochereau, France).—Dear and gallant ally, many thanks for your interesting letter. *Vive la France! A bas les Boches!*

"A TOMMY."—Although a chronic invalid incapable of work, your brother must look pretty fit to have been arrested as a deserter, taken to the police-station, and charged. This, we presume, explains the policeman's error.

"VANCOUVERITE" confirms our dislike for the S.A. scheme to ship 12,000 war widows and orphans to Canada. The Salvationists get a bonus of 1 dollar per head. Ah!——

W. H. K. (W. Hartlepool).—The Bibby Line's advertised "sailings to Antwerp" are evidently to Amsterdam.

W. C. (Motherwell), *re* "The Golden Clyder," says workers earning over the minimum are assessed and pay income-tax on their employers' return of wages.

N. C. (Bristol) reminds us that "England was England when Germany was a pup, And England will be England when Germany's (censored) up." Quite so.

"TRUTH" writes: "You are the Modern *Satan*. I am the Modern *Christ*. You and I could *rule the world*." Take a cooling draught.

Be wise before the event, not after. Sign Insurance Coupon on page iii. of cover.

"LADY MAY" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Truly the surreptitious distributors of unpatriotic pamphlets hate JOHN BULL as the Devil hates holy water.

"CONSTANT READER" (Devonport).—Strictly speaking, the bride's father should provide carriages to convey guests to the wedding. You wouldn't put it *all* on the bridegroom, would you? Think what he is taking on as it is.

MR. and MRS. SPEAR ("Cock Tavern," Great Portland Street, London, W.).—We wish the "Crutch and Stick Fund for the Wounded" every success.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—We much appreciate your generosity. The £10 is being administered according to your wishes.

"KHAKI" (Blackheath).—As you are joining the forces, only your home, situated outside naval or military premises, can be covered under our free War Insurance scheme.

E. S. (Southampton).—You should have made application for separation allowance before December 31st, 1915. You must now give one calendar month's notice before receiving the benefit.

A. D. (Pembridge).—If your Rector went badger hunting on Saturday and got his hands bitten so badly that he could not take service on Sunday, he has our sympathy.

M. F. H. (Barrow).—The Lord sends nuts but the Devil sends teeth.

"MARS" (Chatham).—"When the war will be over I cannot tell, but I hope it will send the Hohenzollerns to ——" You seem to have a good idea of rhyme.

MRS. K. (Farndish).—As before stated, the Rev. B. Moffat, Lea Hurst, 8, Frances Road, Bournemouth, is an inveterate begging-letter writer.

"A SOLDIER" (—— Camp) says "the streets teem with American negroes chasing the girls we are fighting for." Rather an exaggeration, we think.

J. P. C. (Torquay).—You know more than we know when you aver that "not a single Catholic has come forward as a conscientious objector." Still, we hope it is true.

"PETO" (Henley).—Anybody who sends £8 to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Belvoir Street, Leicester, for one of their machines on their promise to provide work is foolish. Have had many complaints.

"CORPORAL" (York).—It certainly does seem strange that while the War Office are paying 2s. in lieu of supplying men with razors, a well-known firm are able to offer the public 75,000 razors at 1s. 6d. each.

AGNES GLOVER.—Your parents at Scarr Lane, Ardsley, nr. Barnsley, anxiously await news of you. Won't you relieve their minds?

"SAPSIG" (Reigate).—If in your spare hours you have worked out the square root of 2 to 132 decimal places, you must have had a lot of spare hours. Doesn't your brain reel?

CORPORAL V. G. C. (London).—Your question, "What will be done with the Sinn Feiners?" is now answered.

MRS. H. S. (Harrogate).—There is no need for you to compete in your husband's name, as ladies stand an equal opportunity of proving successful in our "Bullets" Competition. During the past four weeks two first prizes have been carried off by the fair sex.

H. A. F. (Hornsey).—The local furniture dealer was guilty of shocking bad taste if he exhibited in his windows the notice, "This is *Not* the Furniture Shop from which the Girl, 14 years of age, committed suicide."

A. K. (W. Tytherley).—Judging by your experience, the trading methods of Mr. C. R. Shilling, the Winchfield (Hants) nurseryman, are open to censure.

G. M. (Haverfordwest).—Cannot see why the Bishop of Chelmsford should not have a Good Friday procession with a brass band. It is probably his idea of keeping the diocese up to concert pitch.

J. D. (Everton) states that the reason a certain manager of Everton Valley Presbyterian Church was not re-elected was not because he had enlisted. Nearly all eligible young men of that church, over 120 in number, are in the Navy or Army, so we gladly accept "J. D.'s" assurance.

H. G. R. (Newcastle).—The regulation that permitted cinemas to open, but without music, on Good Friday, took the bun for inconsistency, but it is too late to get hot and cross about it now.

"A DISABLED SOLDIER" (Hackney).—Paragraph 392 XVI King's Regulations, referred to on your discharge paper, reads: "No longer medically fit for military Service."

"CONSTANT READER" (S. Tottenham).—Trust you thoroughly disinfected yourself after the German baker's wife spat in your face. The female Boche is not the cleanest of creatures.

"GUNNER" (B.E.F., France).—Newport, Mon., is in England, not Wales—much to the annoyance of the Welsh.

"OPTIMISTESS" (Streatham Common, S.W.).—It must indeed be terrible for a true British woman to realize she has mothered a conscientious objector instead of a man.

"CONSTANT READER" (Notts).—As you possess only one leg, we fear you stand a poor chance of obtaining Government employment. But as you are keen on doing your bit, you might go hopping in the summer.

"MANAGING DIRECTOR" (London).—We described the Zepp cover as "a sort of pegamoid" because *Chambers's Encyclopædia* says so, but note that that well-known work is in error.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for May 13th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 006,394 and A147,216. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

One day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting will be over before these lines are read. To-day (Wednesday) the Newmarket Stakes looks good for

CLARISSIMUS,

whilst HARLESTON has made such improvement lately that he should win the Chesterfield Maiden if started for the race. TREVELLA should win the Shelford Plate; COLOUR SYSTEM the Flying Handicap, and ZUIDER ZEE the Meldreth Welter. To-morrow (Thursday) TAGAMOR must be given another chance in the Bedford T.Y.O. Plate. FEROX looks the likely winner of the Payne Stakes, and over the five furlongs of the Abingdon Plate I think FRIAR MARCUS will successfully concede 10 lbs. to Jameson, whilst he has the easy beating of all the others. SALAMANDRA is better class than the others engaged in the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and even with her top weight should be able to win.

THE SQUIRE'S SPECIAL, published on Tuesday, contains a full analysis of the Newmarket programme, and can be obtained of all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or direct from the publishers, Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., price 6d.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

FRED GARNER, 59, Rigg Street, Crewe. April 29th. 484,000.

J. ROBERTS, 20, Harrington Street, Market Road, Doncaster. April 29. 516,162.

LEN KILROY, 104, Brixton Road, London. May 6th. A058,330.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 13th:—

013,257	293,500	550,491	819,004	A097,033
027,076	316,197	574,238	842,808	A128,782
049,842	334,599	623,169	857,635	A177,514
086,111	379,364	645,487	874,398	A185,347
124,230	385,617	669,510	925,637	A230,986
163,265	421,263	684,382	962,164	A268,605
185,478	452,895	721,732	983,462	A291,294
203,200	487,463	746,395	A009,175	A325,876
247,851	493,587	763,891	A036,764	A358,740
279,465	502,965	785,116	A072,515	A379,682

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 24th).

ANOTHER £5 PAID FOR A "J.B."

Our issue, dated April 15th, 1916, and numbered A003724, for which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded by Mr. F. RIDDICK, of 34, Gloucester Street, Malmesbury, Wilts, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

WHAT OUR READERS SAY.

Pontypool.

I received the "John Bull" Pen safely to-day, and really it is all you claim for it and no mistake. It goes beautifully. With all good wishes for the future success of "John." *W. A. H.*

Southampton.

Thank you for the lovely Fountain Pens which my father, brother, and I received quite safely. We are all very delighted and pleased with them. *J. B. C.*

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Fen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 20, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

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"GLASGOW" (Crosshill).—Quite right. We are not warned of Zepp raids in London by hooters and foghorns, and don't wish to be.

J. T. (Canonbury).—Whether Sid Wright, who wanted the "honour" of paying a shirker's fine at Hereford, is the same Sid Wright who was an official of the Gas Workers' and G.L. Union, we cannot tell you. Perhaps some reader can oblige with Mr. Sid's pedigree?

"BRIDLINGTONIAN."—We are told that Dr. Field was not debarred from seeing in hospital the victim of a motor smash—to whom he had rendered first-aid—because of professional jealousy, but because the patient, besides being attended by his own doctor, had just undergone an operation. Disputes about professional etiquette do exist, but were not active on that occasion.

"A FREQUENT READER" (France).—You may have heard that a batch of "Conscientious Objectors" (C.O's.) have already been sent to France to work behind the lines. Like yourself, we would place them in front instead of behind. Let us borrow a word from Shakespeare, and call them the "posteriors" of the Army.

M. E. H. (Shepherd's Bush, W.).—It is horrible to think of single shirkers in munition works paying their foremen a percentage of their wages to induce them to class them as indispensable. But we do not doubt that it is being done.

C. E. N. (Peckham).—Germhun is a horrible language, but the Briton who acquires it will be in all the better position to beat Germhuns in commerce after the war.

L. M. C. (Woodbridge).—Notwithstanding all you say, the men without children should be taken first.

J. S. J. (Birmingham) and MANY OTHERS write either claiming a share in the £4,000,000 said to be standing at the Bank of England awaiting the rightful heir to the "Jennings estates," or offering assistance in substantiating the claim of the man to whom we recently referred. These communications have been forwarded to our original correspondent.

"BARMIA" (Chatham) works on a transport, and says "our ship was besieged" at Vancouver Island "with men anxious to work their passage home." Perhaps they want to enlist.

W. A. (Hasbrouck, U.S.A.) thinks our public men were "chumps to oppose the Channel tunnel scheme." Certainly a tunnel would be useful now, if it could be rendered immune from explosion.

"YANK" (New York).—The Canadian 97th, "known as the American Legion"—and U.S. citizens—look a splendid lot. Good luck and hearty welcome to them!

J. S. (Beckenham).—"Why, twelve years ago, did the Kaiser send to me twice by special command for details of any knowledge or drawings of aircraft in my possession?" How can we tell?

T. G. C. (Liverpool).—There is no doubt that the waste of foodstuffs in the Army is still scandalous.

E. C. G. (Handsworth) alleges that the night manager of a munition works is a "cursed bully" for sending men home when only three minutes late. Perhaps if they were prompt the manager would cease to bully and the unmanageable would cease to curse.

J. M. K. (New York).—Glad the Carnegie Hall meeting in support of the Allies' cause was so enthusiastic.

W. H. J. L. (Dragoon Guards).—It is too early to issue medals, even for the wounded, and armlets and badges have been overdone. We must bide a wee.

"NEPTUNE" says our shipping business is being collared by Scandinavians, who are piling up money and "picking up information which will be used to our detriment later, and the British firms employing or encouraging them will only shout too late." So let us all shout now.

CHAS. BOSSUS (Rochereau, France).—Dear and gallant ally, many thanks for your interesting letter. *Vive la France! A bas les Boches!*

"A TOMMY."—Although a chronic invalid incapable of work, your brother must look pretty fit to have been arrested as a deserter, taken to the police-station, and charged. This, we presume, explains the policeman's error.

"VANCOUVERITE" confirms our dislike for the S.A. scheme to ship 12,000 war widows and orphans to Canada. The Salvationists get a bonus of 1 dollar per head. Ah!——

W. H. K. (W. Hartlepool).—The Bibby Line's advertised "sailings to Antwerp" are evidently to Amsterdam.

W. C. (Motherwell), *re* "The Golden Clyder," says workers earning over the minimum are assessed and pay income-tax on their employers' return of wages.

N. C. (Bristol) reminds us that "England was England when Germany was a pup, And England will be England when Germany's (censored) up." Quite so.

"TRUTH" writes: "You are the Modern *Satan*. I am the Modern *Christ*. You and I could *rule the world*." Take a cooling draught.

Be wise before the event, not after. Sign Insurance Coupon on page iii. of cover.

"LADY MAY" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Truly the surreptitious distributors of unpatriotic pamphlets hate JOHN BULL as the Devil hates holy water.

"CONSTANT READER" (Devonport).—Strictly speaking, the bride's father should provide carriages to convey guests to the wedding. You wouldn't put it *all* on the bridegroom, would you? Think what he is taking on as it is.

MR. and MRS. SPEAR ("Cock Tavern," Great Portland Street, London, W.).—We wish the "Crutch and Stick Fund for the Wounded" every success.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—We much appreciate your generosity. The £10 is being administered according to your wishes.

"KHAKI" (Blackheath).—As you are joining the forces, only your home, situated outside naval or military premises, can be covered under our free War Insurance scheme.

E. S. (Southampton).—You should have made application for separation allowance before December 31st, 1915. You must now give one calendar month's notice before receiving the benefit.

A. D. (Pembridge).—If your Rector went badger hunting on Saturday and got his hands bitten so badly that he could not take service on Sunday, he has our sympathy.

M. F. H. (Barrow).—The Lord sends nuts but the Devil sends teeth.

"MARS" (Chatham).—"When the war will be over I cannot tell, but I hope it will send the Hohenzollerns to ——" You seem to have a good idea of rhyme.

MRS. K. (Farndish).—As before stated, the Rev. B. Moffat, Lea Hurst, 8, Frances Road, Bournemouth, is an inveterate begging-letter writer.

"A SOLDIER" (—— Camp) says "the streets teem with American negroes chasing the girls we are fighting for." Rather an exaggeration, we think.

J. P. C. (Torquay).—You know more than we know when you aver that "not a single Catholic has come forward as a conscientious objector." Still, we hope it is true.

"PETO" (Henley).—Anybody who sends £8 to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Belvoir Street, Leicester, for one of their machines on their promise to provide work is foolish. Have had many complaints.

"CORPORAL" (York).—It certainly does seem strange that while the War Office are paying 2s. in lieu of supplying men with razors, a well-known firm are able to offer the public 75,000 razors at 1s. 6d. each.

AGNES GLOVER.—Your parents at Scarr Lane, Ardsley, nr. Barnsley, anxiously await news of you. Won't you relieve their minds?

"SAPSIG" (Reigate).—If in your spare hours you have worked out the square root of 2 to 132 decimal places, you must have had a lot of spare hours. Doesn't your brain reel?

CORPORAL V. G. C. (London).—Your question, "What will be done with the Sinn Feiners?" is now answered.

MRS. H. S. (Harrogate).—There is no need for you to compete in your husband's name, as ladies stand an equal opportunity of proving successful in our "Bullets" Competition. During the past four weeks two first prizes have been carried off by the fair sex.

H. A. F. (Hornsey).—The local furniture dealer was guilty of shocking bad taste if he exhibited in his windows the notice, "This is *Not* the Furniture Shop from which the Girl, 14 years of age, committed suicide."

A. K. (W. Tytherley).—Judging by your experience, the trading methods of Mr. C. R. Shilling, the Winchfield (Hants) nurseryman, are open to censure.

G. M. (Haverfordwest).—Cannot see why the Bishop of Chelmsford should not have a Good Friday procession with a brass band. It is probably his idea of keeping the diocese up to concert pitch.

J. D. (Everton) states that the reason a certain manager of Everton Valley Presbyterian Church was not re-elected was not because he had enlisted. Nearly all eligible young men of that church, over 120 in number, are in the Navy or Army, so we gladly accept "J. D.'s" assurance.

H. G. R. (Newcastle).—The regulation that permitted cinemas to open, but without music, on Good Friday, took the bun for inconsistency, but it is too late to get hot and cross about it now.

"A DISABLED SOLDIER" (Hackney).—Paragraph 392 XVI King's Regulations, referred to on your discharge paper, reads: "No longer medically fit for military Service."

"CONSTANT READER" (S. Tottenham).—Trust you thoroughly disinfected yourself after the German baker's wife spat in your face. The female Boche is not the cleanest of creatures.

"GUNNER" (B.E.F., France).—Newport, Mon., is in England, not Wales—much to the annoyance of the Welsh.

"OPTIMISTESS" (Streatham Common, S.W.).—It must indeed be terrible for a true British woman to realize she has mothered a conscientious objector instead of a man.

"CONSTANT READER" (Notts).—As you possess only one leg, we fear you stand a poor chance of obtaining Government employment. But as you are keen on doing your bit, you might go hopping in the summer.

"MANAGING DIRECTOR" (London).—We described the Zepp cover as "a sort of pegamoid" because *Chambers's Encyclopædia* says so, but note that that well-known work is in error.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for May 13th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 006,394 and A147,216. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

One day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting will be over before these lines are read. To-day (Wednesday) the Newmarket Stakes looks good for

CLARISSIMUS,

whilst HARLESTON has made such improvement lately that he should win the Chesterfield Maiden if started for the race. TREVELLA should win the Shelford Plate; COLOUR SYSTEM the Flying Handicap, and ZUIDER ZEE the Meldreth Welter. To-morrow (Thursday) TAGAMOR must be given another chance in the Bedford T.Y.O. Plate. FEROX looks the likely winner of the Payne Stakes, and over the five furlongs of the Abingdon Plate I think FRIAR MARCUS will successfully concede 10 lbs. to Jameson, whilst he has the easy beating of all the others. SALAMANDRA is better class than the others engaged in the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and even with her top weight should be able to win.

THE SQUIRE'S SPECIAL, published on Tuesday, contains a full analysis of the Newmarket programme, and can be obtained of all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or direct from the publishers, Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., price 6d.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

FRED GARNER, 59, Rigg Street, Crewe. April 29th. 484,000.

J. ROBERTS, 20, Harrington Street, Market Road, Doncaster. April 29. 516,162.

LEN KILROY, 104, Brixton Road, London. May 6th. A058,330.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 13th:—

013,257	293,500	550,491	819,004	A097,033
027,076	316,197	574,238	842,808	A128,782
049,842	334,599	623,169	857,635	A177,514
086,111	379,364	645,487	874,393	A185,347
124,230	385,617	669,510	925,637	A230,986
163,265	421,263	684,382	962,164	A268,605
185,478	452,895	721,732	983,462	A291,294
203,200	487,463	746,395	A009,175	A325,876
247,851	493,587	763,891	A036,764	A358,740
279,465	502,965	785,116	A072,515	A379,682

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 24th).

ANOTHER £5 PAID FOR A "J.B."

Our issue, dated April 15th, 1916, and numbered A003724, for which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded by Mr. F. RIDDICK, of 34, Gloucester Street, Malmesbury, Wilts, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

WHAT OUR READERS SAY.

Pontypool.

I received the "John Bull" Pen safely to-day, and really it is all you claim for it and no mistake. It goes beautifully. With all good wishes for the future success of "John." W. A. H.

Southampton.

Thank you for the lovely Fountain Pens which my father, brother, and I received quite safely. We are all very delighted and pleased with them. J. B. C.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address—Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 20, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"BULLETS"—THE BIGGEST PRIZE-LIST!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 25th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(190) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed

Address

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 190. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 25th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(190) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed

Address

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 191. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 1st.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **191** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 191, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 191.

MR. HUGHES	PICTURE PLAYERS	LEARNING TO RIDE	HER FIRST PROPOSAL
HOME SERVICE	HIS MASTER'S VOICE	ONCE AND FOR ALL	HIS WORSHIP
CHARING	BASHFUL WOOER	FEELING SICK	IMPOSSIBLE
WIFE'S COOKING	WE DON'T LIKE	WHEN FATHER LEAVES	BAD BUSINESS
TOMMY'S MOTHER	RISKY PROCEEDING	TINNED MEAT	WHAT GERMANY SEEKS

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 190.

IRELAND
AFTER COMPULSION
LAST CHANCE
POLITICIANS
FEELING HUNGRY
INCAPABLE
SAVING TIME
UNCALLED FOR
SIR ROGER OASEMENT
TOMMY'S DINNER
AT THE REVUE
BRITISH AVIATORS
IN THE RANKS
LEADING ACTOR
PLAYING WITH FIRE
WAITING MAID
CALLING ON FATHER
WON'T WAIT
MOST DELIGHTFUL WHEN
LUCKY CHAP
THE GLAD EYE
MY LANDLORD
TREATING HIS COMPLAINT
MAKES WIFE ANGRY
DUTCH COURAGE
A NASTY SHOCK
LOOKS SIMPLE
AFTER THE MEN
WANTED
HAUNTS THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
WANTED
Bullet:—
CHOCOLATES BY SWEETHEART, ALWAYS

Example:—
LOOKS SIMPLE
Bullet:—
WORK TO ONLOOKER

Example:—
MOST DELIGHTFUL WHEN
Bullet:—
TOMMY RETURNS

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 10th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated May 20th.

RESULT OF 187TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

R. DYBALL, 4056,
Provost Marshal's N.P.
R.N.D., Crystal Palace, Penge.

Example :—THE KAISER'S KID.
Bullet :—TWO VARIETIES—BOTH USELESS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 :—

KATHLEEN M. CLARE-WHYTE,
2, Crawley Villas, Crawley Road,
Wood Green, London, N.

Example :—THE GERMAN ARMY.
Bullet :—FOUND RUSSIA TOO "WIDE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. HECTOR BUCHAN,
46c, Calder Street, Whifflet,
Coatbridge, Scotland.

Example :—COMPULSION.
Bullet :—THIS YEAR'S "SUMMER RESORT."

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. H. C. DURHAM, 3, Almington Street, Stroud Green, N. :
AFTER DARK—A LOT "WINKED AT."
Mr. E. THEOBALD, 24, Buckland Hill, Maidstone, Kent :
THE GOVERNMENT—"RELIEVES" EVERYONE BUT TOWNSHEND.
Mr. W. C. JENKINS, "Bay View," Sketty Avenue, Swansea :
THE GOVERNMENT—HAS MY "WARMEST" WISHES.
Mr. G. R. HOWARD, 6, Boston Terrace, Rotherham :
COMPULSION—INTRODUCED TO "OBLIGE" MANY.
Mr. PAUL J. HIBBERD, H.M. Wireless Station, Poldhu, S. Cornwall :
THE GOVERNMENT—"PROMISES" TO FULFIL OBLIGATIONS.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH :—

Mrs G. HILL, 58, Quantock Road, Weston-Super-Mare :
PRESSING BUSINESS—PATENT OFFICE THINKS OTHERWISE
Mr. FREDERICK WALSBY, 9, Fair Street, Charles Street, Stepney, E. :
COLD SHOULDER—BEFORE AMATEUR CARVER'S DONE.
Mrs A. MACDONALD 27½, Mount Street, Aberdeen :
MADE IN ENGLAND—AND KEPT—TREATIES
Miss K. FISHER, Chadwell Heath, Essex :
COMPULSION—MOST PACKET SEEDS WANT.
Miss E. BONNY, Holmesdale Cottage, Linton, Maidstone :
AFTER DARK—THE "COMMONS" GET BUSY.
Mr. F. T. SCHOFIELD, 603, Yoker Road, Scotstoun Wise, Glasgow :
EVADING THE ISSUE—BABY ROARS—FATHER SNORES.
Mr. ALBERT G. MURRELL, 26, Southborough Road, South Hackney, N.E. :
ROUGH AND READY—"DRESSINGS" IN THE TRENCHES.
Mr. W. HENNINGS, 123, Maryland Rd., Wood Green, N. :
GOING FOR A SOLDIER—WINSTON—AT FREQUENT INTERVALS.
(Sent in on a Free 'Target' Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. W. G. GOLDBY, 22, Endsleigh Gardens, Ilford, Essex :
PRESSING BUSINESS—THE SKIPPER "PUTS OFF."
Mr. A. L. SHAW, 8, May Crescent, Lincoln :
EVADING THE ISSUE—NOT "EVERYWOMAN'S" POLICY.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, May 25th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(190) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 190," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, May 25th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(190) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

May 20, 1916. .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) May 20, 1916.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....

.....

Come, sing a song of threepence for a Packet of the best,
Ten little Chairman Juniors, who have passed the crucial test;
We're models anatomical,
Our smoke is economical,
We've join.d the "Joker's Comical,"
The C. J. Company.

If a smoker of cigarettes, you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. In quality of tobacco, care in their making, and in all those properties which make a cigarette enjoyable, they represent the best that is possible at the price. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them... And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.

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